

23 General Walker decides that women are not competent to take the exam. The Detroit Tribune says this is a mathematical declaration, for a woman could ask more questions in five minutes than a man could put in all day.

BY J. L. SUTHERLAND.

Though I'm in the universe
Of planets, suns and stars,
Though in nature's primal curse
Of ignorance and wars,
Though I live in all the life
Of human sin and shame,
For which you suffer blame,
Yet I will aid you in the strife,
And you shall be by inward fire
Purged from all impure desire,
And shall walk with me in light,
Clothed in robes of purest white.

FACTS

BY WM. S. FAHNESTOCK.

It has been said that "we exist by reason of power, and that, consequently, we are the effect of

from the incapacities of the natural eye, would conclude that they do not exist, but from another stand point, i. e., when the eye is in a somnambule condition, the person or things, although not visible to the natural eye, may be so to the clairvoyant eye, and reason, in this case, be forced to admit the fact that they do exist.

The fact, too, that deeds, circumstances or events, although ages may have passed since they took place, are still so photographed upon the human soul, that Nature, would go to prove positively that whatever has existed or transpired, is never lost or erased from the scroll of eternity, and as the

dar, with an heathenish spirit and dress, undoubtedly from policy; and the change, made in the adopted by its admission into Christian society, seems indicative of the conservatism, if not false-imagery, with which the priesthood of

we who glory in the name of Christ! Is that the Roman warfare, the warfare you feel called upon to inculcate? Is that the warfare for which you came to bring the "sword"? Take up *his* sword; fight the holy battles for truth and righteousness against the antagonistic, warlike spirit of ours — a "civilized" society, and thrust from the shoulders of be-heaven of our calendar the demon name of war, that by that sword you may conquer the Roman sword and war-spirit, and achieve the spirit of peace and universal social brotherhood that is the Roman promise to create.

■ The British government, when it took possession of the telegraph lines, retained all the female operators, and also employed fifty new ones.

Judd Pardee's Prophecy—Andrew Jackson Davis' Prediction

"We speak, O ye suffering sons of Africa from the clear sky, and our voices shall be heard. Mammon is the God who first led thee to bondage; so shall it be the god of thy deliverance. We will open the catalogue of national crimes to the world. The nation that perpetuates slavery shall become a by-word; and its people be counted odious as Appius Claudius the tyrant of ancient Rome, who condemned Virginia as a slave! The people who enslave their fellow-men shall be the outcasts of the world."

The Roman Catholic church talks of canonizing Christopher Columbus. It would be a good plan: for, as that church came very near making

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said she, with a regretful look, "it isn't anything like my Lyceum used to be in Richmond." (Ind.).

"That may be," said I, "but if the people here should hear you say you attended the Lyceum and liked it, they would tell you it was organized by the devil, and that you were a child of that same persuasion."

She looked thoughtful, and said:

"Well, ma, maybe I'd better call it the Lyceum Sabbath School."

the way in a little valley of my own, with but few neighbors, all who come to my circles have to carry all night. We have been holding circles for four years, and never charged the least cent as yet for tents, food and lodging. This is rather out of the ordinary thing to do.

the range of American government. Generally they have been too much after the shiny dollar - too much so for the interest of righteousness.

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SILENT WHISPERS.

Who are the Sinners of Society—Ellen Grey and Eva—The Orthodox God too busy in "numbering" our sins and noticing the sparrows, to assist her and her child—Wonderful violation of Providence—Mary Gladstone—"It is almost morning now."

She is crying; the tears glisten in her eyes, moisten her cheeks, and they reflect the untold agony of the heart. She feels lonely, and disconsolate. The white-winged messenger, Death, she would welcome to her side, but he comes not. She yearns to die; to leave the scenes and sufferings of earth, believing that a better life awaits her. By her side is a little child with a fair hair, eyes brilliant with innocence, while on her features there shines forth the effects of hunger and cold. The mother examines her store of food—only a crust of bread left for her and her darling child, and it is now Saturday night, and she has no money. She looks out of the garret window and witnesses the display of wealth on the street below. She hears the pattering feet and merry voices of those who know no want. "Poor soul! A jewel in the lap of poverty! Why this, O God! Poverty here—grim, ghastly poverty, while across the way resides a millionaire, and he fares sumptuously every day. But poor Ellen and her little child, living in the city of New York, were suffering from hunger, and he felt not the yearnings of her mind. What would she do when the morrow comes, when the bright rays of the sun shine in her window, showing the grim outlines of poverty and wretchedness? She cries,—"The tears, how they flow! Her bosom swells with emotions of love for her little Eva, and she bends over and kisses her pale cheeks as she lies on a pallet of straw. She kisses her forehead—she moistens it with tears. She kisses her cheeks which were once tinged with the rosy hues of health, and in her anguish she kneels and prays. Reader, did you ever see a mother kneeling by the side of innocent childhood, with the big round tears of sympathy glistening in her eyes, and her heart almost bursting with the agony of her soul? A mother's prayer by the side of her hungry emaciated child—there is grandeur in it. By the side of Eva she kneels—by the side of the little innocent sufferer, and then the beauty of her soul was manifested. She prayed to God who made the beautiful Garden of Eden with its flowers, murmuring streams, sparkling fountains, and flowers and trees, and asked him if he would not send her a morsel of bread. She fervently supplicated him who sent manna from heaven to appease the hunger of the famishing multitude, and entreated him to send her something for her hungry babe. She entreated him, who, with five loaves and three fishes, fed hundreds of people, to send one drop of nourishment for her child, her pet, her only jewel. She prayed earnestly and fervently. Each word was moistened with a tear; each sentence glistened with her love for little Eva; each was brilliant with the purity of an unspotted soul. In the midst of her prayer, she stopped and kissed her child, but it did not wake. How innocent in the arms of sleep! What a sweet expression on her countenance, sweet even in the embrace of hunger, and who would not want to kiss such a little creature, so fair and beautiful. She prayed earnestly, and invoked heaven to assist her, stopping now and then to kiss her cherub child. There was a mother's love. You can not measure it. The breath of the artist can not represent it. Flowers can not equal its beauty, and the highest angels can not interpret the language it expresses. You have all been the recipients of a mother's love, and didn't you prize it highly? But Ellen, in the garret, in a large city, with a little cherub child by her side, with only a morsel

of bread to appease her hunger, felt keenly her situation, and she could not stop praying. She prayed to God, to Jesus Christ, to her spirit father and mother, to the pure and good of heaven, to glance at her little Eva, and send her manna, quail, a crust of bread, anything to last over the morrow. She rose from her knees. She glanced at the window still, it was still vacant. She looked at the rough table, but nothing was on it. She seemed to think that her prayers would be answered, and she was greatly disappointed to find no food furnished in compliance with her request. Her heart almost bursting with agony, she looked at her darling Eva, so fatigued and hungry that she had fallen into a sound sleep, and then she knelt in prayer again. With one hand resting on the forehead of Eva, and the other pointing heavenward, she sent forth the beauties of her soul, white-winged messengers of love, to the realms above, hoping they would touch the tender feelings of God or Jesus, inducing one to send her something to nourish their famishing bodies. She prayed long and fervently, but again her prayers are not answered. Oh, poor struggling woman! you love your child, and how earnest in your efforts to save her. She has but one dry crust left. Her prayers were not answered. Eva awakes and eats the last morsel, and with hunger only half satisfied, cries for more. The mother prays again; she presses her child to her bosom; she showers kisses upon her; she sends around her frail body a halo of light from her affectionate nature. Clasped in each other's arms, they weep themselves to sleep. It was a sweet sleep to the child, to the little cherub, as she nestled close to the bosom of the mother like a dew-drop in a flower. This was a grand scene, well worthy of being represented in letters of gold on the glittering canvas. Did I say grand? Well, have it so, for there is grandeur in a child's poverty. That mother's love was grand, beautiful indeed. Thus did the mother and child sleep, and the mother dreamed of sparkling fountains, tables covered with luxuries, rooms finely carpeted, silken seats, and soft velvet chairs, and in her agony she murmured, "None of them for poor Ellen and Eva."

She slept soundly though, with her precious charge clasped to her bosom, and during the long hours of night, she awoke not once. But the morning came—it did to that poor mother, and when the gates of the East were opened to admit the soft rays of the morning twilight, they lit up with a delightful tinge the little room, and the mother awoke, and her child was still clasped to her bosom—little Eva was there still sleeping sweetly, and the mother did not stir, fearing she might awaken her little pet. She gazed upon her, and noticed that during the hours of night, her features had become deathly pale, and the unwelcome appearance greatly startled her. She listens—why, her child can breathe only with great difficulty! She rises from her pallet of straw, and with her child in her arms, she moves to the window, only to witness the suffragings of one she devotedly loved. But the mother does not cry. She gazes upon her Eva, and her eyes are not even moistened with tears. She heaves no sigh; utters no murmurs of regret. Her eyes seem glassy and wild. She looks out of the window at the bright day, sees the sparkling sunbeams kissing the flowers over the way, and tipping the sweet dewdrops, but still remains silent. Her tongue seems lashed to the roof of her mouth, and her mind to have become unnerved. O mother, we can read the terrible agony of thy soul, see the convulsions there, witness your desire to relieve your child, and we pity you. While contemplating her and condition, she resolves to destroy the life of Eva. O, what a resolution from that mother's heart. There is insanity in her eye; there is the monster despair on her features; there is a resolve in her mind that none can thwart. Unhappy creature, we pity thee, and sympathize with thee. She walks her room in the agony of despair. She kisses little Eva on the forehead, the cheek, the mouth—she showers kisses upon her darling child. She presses her to her bosom, but she does not wake. She kisses her again, but she slumbers on—perhaps dreaming of the flowery fields of the Summer-Land. She holds her up, and the sun's rays kiss her faded cheek, but they do not blush like the morning twilight. Her child is truly sleeping, and in that sleep she looks beautiful. There are rays in that apartment, and they enshroud two jewels, scarce two precious human natures. But the mother thinks of her child, but she does not cry; she does not smile; she does not speak; but she thinks, thinks of her desolate condition, and sighs. She looks at a vial on the window, labelled, "poison"—she uncorks it, and pours out ten drops of the liquid poison, and administers it to her child. She did not all this time say a word. Last night she prayed, unfolded the beauty and grandeur of her soul to God, Jesus, and others, but they gazed thereon without relieving her. Yes, last night she prayed. Was not she worthy of manna, of quail, of loaves and fishes—worthy as those of ancient times whom the Bible says God blessed? Pure woman! spotless child! Will not God assist thee, a newer thy prayers? With poison in thy hand, and spotless innocent childhood pressed to thy heart, we still call thee pure. We love thee, noble mother, in the solitary garret, half starved, holding in thy hand the little wail on the shores of a perilous sea. The poison commences its work of death, but the mother still clasps her child to her bosom. She kisses her little hands; she showers kisses on her cheeks; she presses her lips to hers, and thinks them sweet. She watches the progress of the poison. She looks at the eyes half opened, and sees that they have lost their brilliancy. The rosy hues of health have left those cheeks forever, and they now feel clammy and cold, still the mother kisses them and thinks them sweet. But she does not cry. Last night she shed tears and moaned piteously, but now, how changed! She, with a pure and holy affection, watches the progress of the death messenger that she had sent to destroy the whole of her little child. The child is dying, and the mother knows it. She

can just breathe, the pulse is very weak; and soon the child is dead. But the mother still hugs it to her bosom, still presses it to her heart, and in her loneliness, she sheds no tears. She lays her child on the pallet of straw, and lying down by its side, she clasps it to her bosom, and falls into a gentle slumber, and dreams that she sees her Eva in the arms of an angel surrounded by a bevy of little children, and as she gazes on the scene in dream-land, she presses still closer to her bosom the lifeless form. Her child is now connected with different surroundings, and is happy; not famished with hunger, or cramped with the hand of disease. The mother awakes, to gaze again upon the material form of her darling child, and to witness her destructive work. She seems contented, even in her misery—satisfied that her child is dead, for she had seen its spirit in the arms of an angel.

And was this mother a criminal, an outcast, a hideous monster, for poisoning her only child and sending its spirit prematurely to the Summer-Land? Yes, the world calls her a criminal; but though her hands are stained with the life blood of her child, they are as white as snow; though she administered the death-messenger, still her real character is as noble and unselfish as an angel, and we see nothing but purity gliding in her veins and sparkling in her features. She was a mother, and loved her child. She had made shirts for twelve and a-half cents apiece, she had begged, she had sold her "virtue" to support her child, she so dearly loved, yet she was pure. She had clasped to her bosom a loathsome debauchee, that she might gain a livelihood, and live; she had striven against every obstacle, and in her eye, she was pure. She was pure as the bent over the midnight lamp at work, and drove the brilliancy of her eye away, and caused the rosy hue of health to depart; she was pure as the engaged, the rich man's mansion for just a morsel of bread for her little child; she was pure when she sold her virtue, and hugged to her bosom the debauchee, that she and her child might live; she was pure when she administered the fatal dose to her child, and showered kisses upon its little body, as her spirit was passing away. She was not a criminal. She is pure and unselfish, even in her solitary garret room, in the presence of the child she had poisoned, and we had rather stand in her place, than occupy the gilded mansion of the millionaire over the way. She is innocent, and society is the criminal, and must answer for the murder of that child, for her licentiousness, and numerous wayward acts. Society, aristocratic society, who have no thought of the suffering of humanity, are guilty of crimes that they allow the unfortunate poor to commit. But the poor mother, what did she do? Takes a dose of poison herself, and clasping the lifeless body of her child to her bosom, she lies down on the pallet of straw to pass over the river of Death. Call this a crime, will you, and the mother a criminal? The poison goes on its destructive way, and soon the mother is dead. Well, she is a criminal in the sight of law, an outcast in the estimation of bloated aristocratic society, a prostitute in the estimation of the world! But she is innocent, society is guilty. But a few weeks before she had appealed, as a last resort, for assistance at the residence of a wealthy family—the mother and her three daughters, however, repelled her, sent her away with no words of cheer or assistance, and she from that moment became a prostitute. The mother and her three daughters are the prostitutes, but Ellen Grey is innocent and pure in heart and intention.

The morrow came, and still the garret remained unnoticed. Side by side the mother and child slept in the arms of death. Society wouldn't help her; she had no sympathy, no love in the wide world to render her happy. God would not even send her a little manna, not even a quail or a morsel of bread. That "all-powerful" orthodox God had too large enterprises on hand, to notice Ellen and her darling child. Brooklyn church, bloated with arrogance and aristocracy, and thousands of others, demanded his attention, and he could not attend to poor Ellen. He "numbers the very hairs of our head," and "not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice," and at the time of Ellen's prayers, he was busy in counting the hairs of an old Presbyterian, and could pay no attention to her and her child; a flock of sparrows was demanding his attention also, and so engrossed was he in noticing them that he had forgotten suffering humanity.

But soon the secret arising from the room attracted the attention of the police, and the bodies were discovered. The next day the daily papers came out with a flaming heading—"A mother and child found dead in the garret! Supposed to have been starved to death. Strange dispensation of providence!"

Thus ended the career of Ellen and Eva.

Becher says: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things, what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, and whatsoever ye shall be clothed."

God understands it perfectly well. He made the world, he made you, he made the laws under which you dwell, and he has declared that he is a providential governor who takes you under his special care, and regards your life with such minuteness, that "the very hairs of your head are numbered," who regards his creatures with such minuteness that a sparrow cannot fall on the ground without his knowing it and permitting it."

Yes, but he could not attend to the wants of innocent, prating childhood. Talk about a personal God numbering the hairs of your head!—it is all bosh! Becher knows it is the most consummate nonsense, yet he feeds it to the members of his aristocratic church. Is he honest in so doing? So far as Ellen Grey is concerned, who died in the city of New York, a few years ago, she was innocent; but society was guilty. That wealthy woman who refused her assistance in the time of her greatest need, driving her to acts of licentiousness, is the prostitute, while in heart Ellen Grey is pure—pure

even in her prostitution,—pure when she clasped to her bosom the debauchee, that she might gain the crust of bread that had been refused her by society,—pure when she administered the fatal dose to her child,—pure when she committed suicide. Society is the criminal. Those women who refused her love and sympathy are the prostitutes. Thus we find that one half of all the criminals in the land are innocent, while society, opulent society, bloated aristocracy, the "upper ten," are the guilty party.

How many young women have descended in the scale of crime, sunk in the festering pools of prostitution, and become covered with the filth of debauchery, because, having sinned once,—been seduced, perhaps,—those women who "have never sinned," turn the cold shoulder to them, frown upon them, spurn them from their doors, spit upon them, revile them and point the finger of contempt at them, when one kind word would have saved the erring ones, and enabled them to live and bless the world. The young lady whose nature is sensual and kind, whose heart is overflowing with love and goodness, and through whose whole being there courses the purest sympathy, is too apt to be too confident, and she sins, while one whose nature is differently constituted, towards the path of virtue, but extends the finger of scorn at her fallen sister. The latter is really the prostitute, the sinner, and she, if any, should have the finger of scorn pointed at her, instead of her erring sister. There is purity in the dens of prostitution; it is only temporarily covered with a dark cloud that envelops its brilliancy. Perhaps that outcast was driven to that den by the finger of scorn pointed at her by the "virtuous" woman of society. That woman who frowns upon the prostitute,—who reproaches in bitter terms the down-trodden,—who gathers up her garments, and they may not touch the outcast, who breathes unkind words against the "sinner,"—her frowns, turned to poisonous stings, and her reproaches to pains of anguish, shall fall upon her own head; her pure garments shall be turned to tattered, filthy rags, her unkind words to self-accusations, to torment her, before she can rise in the scale of existence. The "pure, virtuous" women of society, many times, are the real prostitutes, for they point the finger of scorn at the fair young maiden who has sinned once, and maddened by their actions, she fades away like the rainbow-tinted flower before the pestilential miasm of the African desert. We would extend the hand of sympathy to the erring; we would encourage them by kind words and smiles to rise in the scale of existence; we would look at their past life as we do at the dark night, knowing that the bright sunshine will dissipate it, and endeavor, by words of cheer and substantial aid, to cause a brighter day to dawn upon them. There are women in society, who, appreciating the grandeur of their mission, have a smile and kind word for all. Their life is truly noble, and the future for them is bright. Angels love them, watch over them and smile approvingly upon them. God bless them. True womanhood is a jewel which few possess, and they who devote their life to ameliorating the condition of those below them, shall receive a reward in the not distant future that will cause them to rejoice. But to the woman who is so fastidious in her goodness that she has frowns only for the down-trodden and outcast, and approving, encouraging smiles for those who do not really require them, there will come a day of retribution, and she will feel the pains of anguish that she had the power to ameliorate in others. Beware, then, woman, how you speak of others, for every word is recorded and will stand forth to judge you in the future.

In connection with the life of Ellen Grey, we give below that of Sarah Gladstone, as taken from the St. Louis Republican. With the words on her lips—"It is almost morning,"—she passed away, enveloped in a dark halo which obscured the purity of her nature, as the clouds do the glorious sun sometimes, and as the sun shines even behind a cloud, so there was beneath that dark halo surrounding her, a "gem of purity" that sparkled with a transcendent light. "It is almost morning,"—the music of a soul that yearned for that "sweet sometime," when free to bask in the sunshine, where love—not lust, rules the human heart, she might be happy. The narration of her remarkable life as given in the Republican, is as follows:

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept quiet and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the few medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secrecy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no near relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes called by the police "privates." Her home was a small room in a tenement building, which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. It was never the scene of drunken revels or unruly gatherings, and, in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own.

A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a clerk who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room late one Saturday night and found Sarah kneeling on the rug before the fireplace, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

The young man states that he endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble, but that she seemed bewildered, and persisted in making statements that he should leave the room. Her agitation increased, and finally, fearing the sound of her voice would attract attention, he went away.

The following Sunday, feeling curiously interested in the case of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place. He knocked, and after waiting some time, she finally admitted him. He states that he found her in the picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot, with tears, and her movements indicated extreme weakness.

The following is his report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick, Sarah," I said. "I will get a doctor, and you will be all right in a few days."

"It's of no use, Henry; nothing can save me

I've been called and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, and by this day week I will be dead. I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself. "My life has been a bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh God!" she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should he be the one to call me? He ruined me; he stole me away from happy Stamford, and made me a wretched being. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laughed at my prayers and tears. I heard he was dead long ago—shot himself down South—and I felt God had avenged me. But no, no! he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him! curse him! my evil star. And now he takes my life. Curse him! supernatural infliction forever!" She closed her lips with her teeth with terrible emphasis, and sank on the sofa panting and exhausted.

"I'll let her for a short time and procure two of my medical friends, and returned to the room."

The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death are gathered from the physicians who attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on their arrival.

She seemed possessed with the idea that her death was approaching, and it was evident that she considered her life a supernatural infliction of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and knew she must go. "We could detect no specific ailment, and treated her as we considered best to allay nervous and mental excitement, and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Tuesday she seemed a little better, but on Friday morning most singular symptoms were developed."

It appears that on this evening, when the two doctors visited Sarah together, they found the young man, Henry, in the room. As they approached the bed they observed a change had occurred in the patient. Her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with a crimson color. Otherwise, however, she appeared calm and self-controlled.

"Tell them, Henry, what I have told you," she said to the young man.

He hesitated, and finally she continued: "This poor boy, doctors, won't believe me when I tell him I shall die to-night at 12 o'clock."

Henry was weeping, and she said to him: "Were you fond of me, really?—fond of the wretched girl of the town? Oh, Henry, God will bless you for your kindness and love to me."

She continued to talk rationally and affectionately to her young friend until about 10 o'clock, when she closed her eyes and appeared to sleep.

The night was one unusually sultry and warm for April, and between 11 and 12 o'clock a thunder storm broke over the city. Sarah had continued silent for over an hour, and except the whispering conversation of the three men the room had been quiet. A crash of thunder which shook the building startled her, and she suddenly sat up in bed. The physicians state that they approached and found her trembling violently. She caught hold of the arm of Dr. —, saying, "You are a good doctor; strong men can't you save them? Why should a poor girl like me be persecuted in this way? I have been suffering all my life, and now I am dying at the bidding of this dark, stern man. Oh! save me, doctor! save me, for God himself has given me up!"

As she spoke, she clutched the doctor's arm with desperation, and a fearful earnestness was expressed in her face. The young man Henry, at this time, overcame by the scene, left the room. Sarah did not notice his departure, but continued to talk wildly at some coming peril. All at once, when the doctors were endeavoring to compose her and induce her to go to sleep, she turned her face toward the door and uttered a piercing shriek. In a moment she had become a raving maniac. Her eyes were fixed on the door as if they saw some terrible object there.

"So you've come," she said; "you've come, James Lennon, to complete your work. But I've got friends now. I am no longer at your control. Oh, how I hate you, you bad, wicked, bloody-minded man! You ruined me body and soul, but now I'm free. Keep off, you God-damn villain!"

As she spoke, she sprang out of bed and ran behind the physicians, shuddering and muttering to herself. They put their arms round her and lifted her into the bed again. She resisted like a wild beast, and seemed to think herself struggling with a deadly foe. She heaped imprecations on the head of her haunting persecutor, and defied him in desperate terms, also, including incoherently to scenes in her past life. For more than half an hour she remained in this way, and then suddenly became quiet and seemingly composed. Her eyes closed, and she seemed asleep. Her breathing became regular, but very low and faint, and her pulse fell alarmingly. In a little time she opened her eyes and looking upon her attendants, smiled sweetly. She muttered something, and one of the doctors bent down, and says he heard the words—"It's almost morning now."

They were the last words of Sarah Gladstone, for in ten minutes afterwards she was dead—and the clock was striking twelve.

MRS. CARRIE R. SAWYER.

This most excellent medium still holds forth at the Circle Rooms of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Office, giving universal satisfaction to her many patrons. She gives private sittings during the regular business hours of each day and holds public circles on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The manifestations of spirit presence and power, given at these circles are really marvellous, even to those who are accustomed to stand upon physical manifestations. On Wednesday evening last, while the manifestations were in progress, a spirit voice said "Will the audience please sing?" The request being complied with, a spirit voice, unusually loud and sweet, commenced singing the Alto, while the controlling spirit "Maud" kept up a constant conversation with the audience; while others were still playing upon, and carrying musical instruments around the room. While all this was transpiring, the medium was being held by two of the most skeptical persons in the audience, who could not escape the conclusion, that real, tangible, low spirits were present; spirits that they could feel and hear, at least, if they could not see; and thus many who had never thought of spiritualism and spirits, only to class them with the humbugs of the age, have been brought from the darkness of "spirit communion," and have been placed upon the great highway of spiritual life and progress, which will lead them onward and upward forever and ever. That such mediums as Mrs. R. may become more numerous, is a boon which the progressive people of this age are hoping for, in behalf of the suffering millions which now sit in woe and heartless darkness.

NEW BOOKS.

100

RECEIVED

the old religion of the Hebrews, Mohammedan

It would be well to have an apostolic devoted expressly to reforming ministers of the gospel—those whose passions are not under their control. Such an institution is needed,—a just as essential as an hospital for foundlings.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO JUNE 11, 1870.

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LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

Who Shall Cut the First Stone?—The condition of Society Illustrated by its "high" and "low" Characters.

She is indeed beautiful. Her eyes are of a dark blue, the azure ringlets of her hair fall in graceful profusion over her shoulders, her complexion is clear, just tinged enough with the tint of the rose to render it exceedingly beautiful.

As we passed this little child on the sidewalk—years ago, we turned aside, and taking her in our arms, gave her a kiss, and invoked the blessing of God on her head. Estelle Bland, for that was the name of this little child, was the daughter of Charles Bland, Esq., a Banker in one of our large Eastern cities. She was not then five years of age. Estelle was the idol of her father's heart. He showered down upon her all the affections of his ardent nature, surrounding her with everything that her youthful heart could desire.

Her mother was a pure, noble woman, in whose soul was the seal of divinity, and no one could be acquainted with her without loving and respecting her. Estelle was her favorite child. She had taught her to kneel down each night before retiring to bed, and repeat a sweet little prayer that God would bless her parents, and assist all little girls to do right, and retain their purity, that they might be fit to be admitted to his presence when death should lay his cruel hand upon them. There is beauty in a child's prayer, for there is spotless innocence, and what God would not like to hear the supplications of childhood? Estelle was indeed a sweet little child. Her soul seemed to be a garden of flowers that threw all their sweetness into her eyes, her features, her words, all her actions, and as we held her with her arms around our neck, we thought of the clambering vine that hugged the trunk of the majestic oak—thinking it could make its huge body more becoming and beautiful. Yes, she was a child of rare promise, and one could see the angel manifested in all her actions, in all she said or did. In the house, her presence exerted an elevating, softening influence, and when her father returned from the office to his meals, the sweet smiles and caresses of Estelle made him feel more dignified, and better prepared to meet the storms and vicissitudes of a commercial life.

When she met her papa at the door, she always kindly greeted him, and when she parted with him during the day, she invariably gave him the "good-by kiss," and made him the happiest of men in no doings. Little does the world appreciate the softening and elevating influence of innocent, prattling childhood. Estelle, however, knew nothing thereof, for her future life. We leave her for the present.

"Hush! there! I say, Jim, get out of the way, or this stone will hit you. I ain't particular which way I throw. I ain't one of the particular kind. I am a sort of a dasher," said Jerome Clark, a wild, harum-scarum little fellow, not yet eight years of age. "I tell you I had a splendid time down at that cock-fight yesterday, and didn't 'Cock-a-doodle doo'—the big one—come out victorious? You bet he did! Tomorrow I'm going down to the dog-fight, and I'll have a bully time; those curs have got no feeling—you bet they have."

This Jerome Clark was one of the wildest boys we ever met. His dark complexion, swarthy appearance and tattered garments, told the exact condition of his life better than words could. Still there was something about this boy that attracted our attention. His forehead was well developed, his eyes possessed a dark piercing brilliancy, that told the ardent nature of the soul within, and there was something about him that bespoke a wild, wild future. There seems to be a path marked out for each one to

follow, and why so, if true, the most profound scholar cannot explain. Jerome Clark, not yet eight years of age, though so somewhat hardened, has within his calloused nature a divine spark that will some day manifest its wonderful powers. Time passed on, and we never expected to hear again from those two characters, Estelle Bland and Jerome Clark. The incidents of life are very peculiar. They seem to form a chain that pulls us along from the cradle to the grave.

When standing on the verge of the grave, the old man whose locks have been silvered over with the progress of age, can cast his eyes back over his pathway, and carefully scrutinizing the same, can see why he did this, why he avoided that, and he finds that, invariably, there was a chain, as it were, of events, that pulled him along, and while he was free to act in all respects, yet he will recognize the sublime fact, that he was, in every particular, the creature of surrounding circumstances, obeying the strongest forces, under all conditions.

Life, then, is a volume of careful study. The history of each individual is a volume of interesting incidents that can be perused with profit, for therein is unveiled the influence of surrounding circumstances, and the lives and character of each one of us.

Jerome, in descending on the good time he expected, seemed inspired with wild enthusiasm. "I tell you, Jim," he said, with his little arms gestulating wildly, "that Cock-a-doodle doo was the gamest cock I ever saw. His eyes was like lightning-bugs, and his feathers shone like mother's pewter spoons, and his steel spurs—I tell you they was as sharp as a tooth-pick, and didn't he go in lemons—and in three seconds four minutes his miserable antagonist was floored. I'll show you as quiet as a bedbug would under a dose of castor-oil. Say, Jim, I tell you that big 'Cock-a-doodle doo' was all pluck, and he fought, he did, and didn't the other run after the first fire, like a cockroach would before the broom of Aunt Sally Ann? Yes, Jim, I like such fights, I do. Why, a cock is no better than a common bedbug, or the loas that mamma cracks that she takes out of my head. Jim I say, Jim, did you ever see a cock-fight?"

"Oh, Jerome, I don't like to see such fights—not I, cruel, Jim. Ma says so. Can't bear to see two roosters fighting without going up to part them instantly," replied his playmate.

"Say, Jim, now look here, none of your moralizing, as Pat Purley said to the man who begged so hard when whipped. I tell you, Jim, that Gospel Dispenser—as Pat Mulligan calls the minister that spouts in the brick church—makes no bones in killing a bed-bug, or a house, or chasing a cockroach out of his trunk, or killing a mosquito that happens to tickle his nose. I tell you, Jim, I won't do to stop and moralize, for if you do, there is sure to arise difficulties. Now, wouldn't one of these Gospel Dispensers kill a fly that should light on his nose to take his morning libation, as Jim O'Sullivan says when he takes his morning toddy, wouldn't he kill him, eh? Well, a Shanghai rooster, Jim, is only a mosquito enlarged. 'Twont do to moralize. Difficulties will arise if you do. Say, Jim, do you say your prayers at night?"

"Why, of course I do."

"Say, Jim, I say mine, right side to at night, and backwards in the morning, and at noon say them both ways, starting in at the middle. Mam says if I only get all the words in, that's all that's required. Say, Jim, did you ever get up an original prayer?"

"What's that, an original prayer?"

"I mean, Jim, did you ever make up, decompose a prayer,—say, Jim, did you?"

"No."

"Well, I have one, an original prayer. I didn't never pray it. I am going to someone to-day,—you bet. Jim, I say, would you wish to hear it?"

"Wouldn't mind."

"Say, Jim, listen. I must kneel. Now here you have it: 'God, having but three cents on the next fight of Cock-a-doodle doo, if you will let him win, I will give one cent to Gospel Dispenser of the brick church. Amen.'"

"Say, Jim, how's that for 'hi? Look-yonder, Jim."

And the little fellow with a stick in his hand ran with wonderful speed towards a yard near at hand, where a little girl was screaming violently, frightened by one of those little cross-legged dogs, which was tugging away at her dress. Bounding over the yard fence, he hit the animal a terrible blow on the head, rendering it insensible, and repeating the blow, the poor animal was soon dead.

"I tell you, sis, this coddle is as dead as a terrapin would be, struck by lightning. He'll not pester you any more, you bet, little miss. He's dead as a sweet-scented mackerel. Now, little miss, do you live in this big house?"

"Yes," said Estelle Bland.

"And what pretty flowers, too,—Golly, I wonder if I'll ever have such a place. Say, sis, may I walk in the garden?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I will walk with you."

"Say, sis, what's this flower here, that looks as red as the mouth of a bull-dog when he is grinning over a victory?"

"That's a rose, and it's nice, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is nice—sure as pop that's nice, and it smells as sweet as Old Granny's perfume bottle. And what is this, that opens itself like my white linen shirt when ma hands it to me of a Sunday morning?"

"That's a Morning Glory."

"Say, sis, is it any relation to glory hallelujah that the Gospel Dispenser talks about in the old brick church?"

The little girl was much amused at the wild incoherent talk of Jerome, and having recovered from her fright, she collected several choice flowers, and handed them to him, and then as if to manifest her appreciation of his services, she put her little arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"Get out of here—you little brat!" yelled the

banker, who just stepped forth from behind a clump of bushes. "Get out of here at once!" he continued.

Not waiting a moment, Jerome ran with great speed towards the garden fence, and in one bound was over it into the alley. Then gathering up a handful of stones, he let them fly one after another, at the fine summer house in the garden, then as quick as thought, disappearing from view.

Say, Estelle, never let me see you with such a rough, dastardly mean boy again. Look at my summer house, destroyed by him, and see the damage that the stones done on the other side.

"But, pa, he killed a dog that was biting me. He did," replied the father, in a half subdued tone.

"Yes, he did, and I like him for it. His curious talk suited me."

But we will not detail the conversation that occurred between Estelle and her father. Jerome, frightened and vexed at the insolent language of the banker, hastened away, and rejoining his companion, told the character of his adventure.

"Say, Jim, she kissed me, she did, and I felt kindy like crying, I did. She put her arms around my neck, and she put her lips to mine, she did, and she kissed me, and it seemed as if all the meanness left me, it did, but then came a clap of thunder,—there did, and her pop said, 'Get out, you mean dastardly fellow,' and didn't I bound over the fence, and then didn't I smash the glass in that out-house, I did; then didn't I disappear in a twinkling. I tell you Jim, just as I got to feeling kindy good sometimes, some one knocks it I other end to like, Cock-a-doodle doo did it's rattling of a rooster. I tell you, Jim, there is not much good in such a ragged uncivil like myself trying to be any-body, for when you get started in a good streak, some of them rich folks knocks it smash, same as Jim O'Brien did Paddy O'Mulligan's nose. But I must go home now. Old Mike will be here soon, to learn from me which dog will lick at the next dog-fight that will take place soon. I say, Jim, I see every time which dog will whip at the next dog fight. I am a 'profit' you see,—they say so."

So Jim parted reluctantly from his companion, and hastened home to meet old Mike, to impart to him the information he so much desired, he receiving for the same, one half of the money old Mike should win.

We leave these two characters for a while. The nature of each one you now know. Jerome was really a wild boy, yet there was a vein of goodness in his nature, and the sweet kiss that Estelle gave him, awakened the better impulses of his soul, and made him, temporarily, at least a better boy.

It was one dismal night in a large city, some fifteen years afterwards, that a man might have been seen sitting on the sidewalk, ghastly pale, and suffering intensely from a sudden attack of an acute disease. He was, finely dressed, his well-developed forehead, and brilliant dark eyes, indicated plainly that he was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. There he sits, suffering, and having no money, what shall he do? Ministers of the Gospel, church members, and those who pretend to be actuated with a philanthropic spirit, pass him on the streets, notice his suffering, but do not stop to inquire in reference to his nature, or to offer him assistance. There he sits, calmly waiting, with barely strength to move—waiting for death to take him suddenly, when lo! he feels a gentle touch on the shoulder, and a female voice asks, "Sir, what is the matter?"

"Sick madam, and can hardly walk."

And his eyes met those of one that seemed to be bubbling over with sympathy and love.

"Go to my room, sir, and I will give you some refreshments, and will nurse you."

The tears filled her eyes as she spoke, and, taking him by the hand, gently assisted him to her room, when, placing him on the sofa, she procured the services of a physician, who administered remedies which soon induced a sound sleep, which continued until morning. On waking he found his kind guardian sitting by his side, her hand smoothing back his hair, and her countenance lit up with a radiant smile of hope. On the stand were some refreshments, which were given him, and which made him feel much better.

"And who," says the patient, "am I indebted to for this kind treatment? What is my benefactress?"

"Don't ask me now," she replied. "When you have recovered, and are ready to depart from my room, I will tell you. Talk no more now, you appear weary."

For ten days the unknown were constant companions, and when able to walk, and just before taking his departure, his benefactress came and sat by his side, and inquired:

"And you desire to know my name?"

"Yes."

"But where did you get this ring, please tell me, that is connected with your watch chain?"

"That," replied he, was given me by a little girl, many years ago, that I saved from being bit by a dog. She gave me the first kiss I ever had, and I prize it the highest, for it was the kiss of innocent childhood."

At this remark, she burst into tears. And laying her face in her hands, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Why should you cry?" he anxiously inquired.

"I am Estelle Bland, the little girl who kissed you at that time. But times have changed since then."

"Ah, is this you, Estelle. Well, I am the rough boy that you kissed, and whom your father frightened so badly. But how came you here?"

"I will tell you, Jerome," she said with a tremulous tone of voice, and still sobbing. "My life has been for the last five years a bitter one. I loved, but not wisely. I was driven from my father's house with more violence than you were from the garden. There is the fruit of my crime,

a little boy, now five years old. I put my arms around my father's neck and begged his forgiveness, and moistened his cheeks with the tears of my affection, but he would not relent. 'Go,' he said, 'never darken my house again. You are an outcast.' As I stood on the steps of his residence, I sent a prayer heavenward for his prosperity. For a while I supported my child on what he had kindly given me; then tried sewing, but failing in that, I was forced to adopt this method of living, or part with my child, which I never will do—never! I will learn my boy to respect his mother, even in her crimes, and I feel that he will grow up pure and good, though I am an outcast. You came here in the evening; you shall depart from here to-night. No one will see you when you leave, and you will not be disgraced by the little girl who, years ago, put her innocent arms around your neck and kissed you."

And then she stopped talking for a moment, and it seemed as if her heart would burst with agony.

"I tell you, Jerome, life to me is wretched. I have sinned. In an unguarded moment I lost my chastity, and disgraced my father and mother. I loved my parents. I wove around them the choicest treasures of my heart, and the noblest wreath of flowers that will crown them in the Spirit World, will be one that is emblematic of the prayers that I have sent heavenward in their behalf. Yes, though an outcast, I still love them, and in my loneliness I kiss them. Here I am, living with a princely merchant. He has sworn to high heaven that he will never desert me; that he will educate my boy, and should he die before me, he will leave me a competency. That man was once my father's partner. His boy is registered in heaven, and I know he will keep it. By and by, when my boy becomes a man, I will unfold to him my history, for he will love me the more. Now, Jerome, this night you must go, for Mr. C—will soon return from his trip West."

"Well, Estelle, I will leave you. You are pure, though you have sinned. I will always hold you in faithful remembrance. Church members, ministers of the gospel and the world's people passed me on that eventful night, and no one but you, an outcast, as it were, proffered me assistance. Henceforth, I will dedicate my life to suffering humanity. The world shall feel me in thoughts that will burn in defense of those that society wrongs. You, Estelle, in this very room there are as pure angels as ever entered an orthodox church? And now, poor woman, I will describe the scenes that surround you in spirit life."

Jerome, who was a natural clairvoyant, and partially entranced, said:

Estelle, I see by your side a young man about twenty-five years of age. His arms clasp your neck, and he stoops and kisses you, and says sister, dear, I love you. He has large blue eyes, auburn hair, dark complexion, and there is a peculiar scar on his forehead. He says his name on earth was Edward."

"My dear brother."

He says, "Estelle, dear, fear not. Father and mother, and society, that point the finger of scorn at you, are greater sinners than you. You are purer, dear sister, than those who despise you. Your forgiveness of those who have misused you, will be prized by them when in the Spirit World more than you know. Fear not sister dear. All will be well with you."

I also see a lady standing near. She says she is your aunt. She is pure and noble,—tells you to be of good cheer, and that are long you will be with her. She puts one hand on your head and the other pointing heavenward, invokes heaven to bless you!"

Coming out of his trance, Jerome left the apartment, but not until his kind benefactress had given him ten dollars.

Thus it is with society. Those who make one mistake in life, society compels to make two, and for that second step, society is the guilty party,—is the criminal. Ministers of the gospel and church members, and people of the world, passed Jerome on the street, but an "outcast," a "harlot," a "prostitute," called for him, nursed him in sickness, and sent him away with a donation of ten dollars. O, the world is full of misjudgments, and these misjudgments cause crime and misery. There is always some one ready to cast the first stone, to point the finger of scorn at those who make a mistake in life,—who, perhaps, are pure, because, they have never been tempted. We tell you, if you are pure, man or woman, deal gently with the erring; place around them a garland woven from the sympathies of your nature; smile upon them and encourage them; bless them and cheer them, and great will be your reward. But "cast the first stone at them." If you dare, and we speak whereof we know, when we say it will be to act upon you, and hurt you much more seriously than the one you would injure. This "Life Illustrated" is no fictitious sketch, but represents an incident that actually occurred, showing that even in the "dens of infamy," are divine sparks that occasionally light up the dark pathways of life with deeds of benevolence.

SPRING.

Josh Billings has poetry in his nature, and he sometimes sings sweetly, though he connects therewith those animals that are not very attractive in appearance, and the company of which is not so desirable. His last subject was "Spring," and he treats it in the following delightful way:

"Spring came this year as much as usual. But, because virgin's 5,000 years old and up-wrinkled like and 'hearty old gal' welcome New York State and Paris adjacent. Now the birds jive, now the cattle holler, now the pigs scream, now the geese warble, now the kays sigh, and Nature is frisky; the virtuous bobby and the nibby cockroach are sneering Yankee Doodle and 'Cometh turn the rib.' Now may be seen the muskrat er, that geyr on cold water or destiny, solitary and alone, examining his last year's bill, and now may be heard with the naked ear, the hoarse shaggy bawling in the barnyard."

MEETINGS IN HOBART.

According to previous announcement, the Hull Brothers held a grove meeting near the village of Hobart, Lake County, Indiana, commencing Friday evening, May 27th, and continuing over the following Sunday.

Prejudice was so strong there that it was feared no one would turn out, but, contrary to our expectations, there was a full attendance. Many Spiritualists from different portions of the country were in attendance.

The meeting was opened on Friday evening, by a lecture by Rev. D. W. Hull, on "The Tests of Christianity." Saturday forenoon, Rev. Moses Hull spoke on the subject of "Immortality," which was treated in his peculiarly masterly style. The other subjects spoken upon were "Progression of religious ideas," "The Mission of Spiritualism," "Vicarious Atonement of Christianity," and "Objections to Spiritualism," in which Moses Hull gave the "Devil his due."

At the close of each evening lecture, Mr. E. D. Keene, of Philadelphia, gave descriptions and names of spirits he saw in the audience, with many incidents of their past histories.

The meeting was successful. Quite a number of skeptics went home convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

This is the first of a series of meetings to be held annually on the last Sunday in May, as long as the Hulls shall make Hobart their dwelling place. Let the friends take note and come to the grove meetings the 28th of next May.

A clergyman argued that he was right in calling all his congregational "brethren," because the brethren embraced the sisters.—*Ed.*

"Open confession" is good for the soul—so said—and we have no doubt the Rev. gentlemen felt that he had said a sharp thing when he gave expression to the above. Whether he intended to include in his remarks the Rev. and rascal in Kansas, who is now under bonds of \$1,000 for his appearance at court, to answer the charge of sedition, we know not. At any rate, the expression is truthful, and is well calculated to open the eyes of those who do not wish to walk in the path of blundering error, which so many Methodist ministers are traveling.

MRS. MCCORD, THE MEDIUM.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. McCord, of St. Louis. Mrs. M.C. as many can testify, is an excellent medium, and worthy of patronage. During her stay in this city many called upon her, and were well pleased with her as a medium.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectured at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday last. Her lectures were received with much enthusiasm.

The following announcement, spread out on a large "poster," came to hand one day last week: "A challenge! A lady challenges a gentleman! The challenge accepted! Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has challenged B. F. Underwood of Boston, to meet her in public debate in Joliet, on the subject of Spiritualism. The challenge has been accepted and the debate will take place at the Court House, Wednesday eve, June 1st, 1870, commencing at 8 o'clock. Proposition for debate: 'Man is an intelligent immortal spirit or soul, that lives after death, and is capable of visiting and doing good and communicating with mortals in this life, after bodily dissolution.'"

Mrs. Ballou affirms, Mr. Underwood denies. Mrs. Ballou is an acknowledged representative of Spiritualism; is a lady of rare talents and an eloquent speaker. Mr. Underwood is an opponent of Spiritualism; is a student of ability and reputation and an experienced lecturer and debater. Arrangements for the debate have been made by friends and opponents of Spiritualism. A lively and interesting time is anticipated.

For order committee of arrangements."

We hope some of our friends at Joliet will furnish us as account of the debate. Mrs. B. is now prepared to make arrangements for lectures during the summer and fall months.

We have received two beautiful photographs of Pythagoras and Plato, from Albert Stejman, for which, brother, please accept our thanks. See advertisement in another column.

Wm. E. Mills, of Omaha, Wis., writes to us, recommending J. H. Priest, of Berlin, Wis., as an excellent healer.

Dr. Cleveland has returned again to Chicago. He is an excellent healer, and is instrumental in doing great good.

Mrs. J. M. Wilcoxson speaks in Joliet the second Sunday in this month, and at Leckport the third Sunday. She then will take a trip East. Eastern societies would do well to engage her services. She is one of the ablest advocates of our cause. J. R. Dutton, writing from Waco, Texas, speaks as follows of her lectures:

"I will here add that the cause of Spiritualism is advancing as fast as could be expected in this town. Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson's soul inspiring lectures at this place were seed sown that will spring up and bear fruit in days to come."

The following is from the Rooms of the Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana: "At a regular meeting of the Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana, it was unanimously resolved: That we take pleasure in recommending Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson as an inspirational speaker, and we work for the cause of Spiritualism; that this association desire to thank her for the interest manifested in behalf of our society."

J. W. Allen, President; Emile F. Simon, Secretary.

Mrs. M. J. Fowler was thrown from a wagon in Adrian, Michigan, last month, and severely injured. The accident was caused by a fractious horse.

The Kalamazoo County circuit met at Yorkville, Mich., Saturday, May 21st. A. B. Witting, Miss Charlotte Powers and Mrs. Addie L. Ballou addressed the Conference.

The following letter from the authorities at Washington, speaks for itself.

THEATRE DEPARTMENT,
Office of Internal Revenue,
Washington, May 6th, 1870.

Sir:—I reply to your letter of the 3rd inst., that persons who profess to heal diseases by laying-on of hands, but prescribe no medicines or perform no surgical operations whatever, are not regarded as physicians or surgeons within the meaning of the law, and should not be required to pay tax as such.

Very respectfully,
J. W. DOUGLASS,
Acting Commissioner.

A. M. CHASE, Esq.,
Answer G. H. Dietrich, Stoughton, Va.
I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original order.
DR. SIMON VAN EYCK.
Stoughton, Va., May 20th, 1870.
Lola Walbrook's address is box 44, Denver, Colorado Territory.

STRENGTH GO DOWN

100

JUNE 18, 1870

IOWA.

Letter from P. B. Jones.

FRIEND JONES—Not seeing anything in your paper from this region, in a long time, I thought I would report you a few lines, and let you know that we still live, and, although of a stagnant kind of life—inasmuch as we have, by far, too long spells waiting for some *lecturing spirit* to move the waters into activity, yet we have been waiting for the ship.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum in Rock Island is a live institution, and since its organization by Mrs. H. P. M. Brown, over four years ago, has kept up its weekly sessions all through the Summer's heat, and Winter's frosts, with perfect success, the present season's *May paper* was held in Hall's new and magnificent Hall, well lighted and ventilated, last Thursday evening. The Hall was very tastefully decorated with evergreens, and filled with an appreciative audience. The exercises consisted of crowning the May Queen, together with several very fine tableaux, the whole ending with a well-played comedy by amateur members of the Lyceum, which was a perfect success, and received with delight by the audience. After the exercises, of course the old-fashioned *ice cream* commenced, which was concluded by the happy company till 2 o'clock in the morning.

Not having a Lyceum on our side, the friends in Davenport go over the river to the Lyceum in Rock Island, a number of whom went to the festival, and all had a good time. We have not had any lectures in either city for a long time, with the exception of giving a *spiritual* by Dr. Porvitz, of England, at Hall's Hall, Rock Island. But seeing that Mr. Emma Hardinge was to be in Chicago in June, she was written to, and upon ascertaining that she had only one week to spare, she was engaged, and our fine Bart's Opera House,—except only to your own regret, as she was unable to come, she was invited to speak in, on Tuesday evening, June 23rd, with, I hope, a crowded house to greet her. She will also appear for the First Spiritual Society of Rock Island, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, of June 29th, 30th and July 1st. All Spiritualists therefore, and all the thinking minds who live in this vicinity, should have easy access to these two cities, should avail themselves of this perhaps the last chance they may ever have, of seeing and hearing this celebrated, and now world-wide champion of free thought and human rights, as well as the most eloquent exponent of our church, traduced, but still clearly beloved Spiritualism.

Davenport, Iowa, May 24, '70.

Voices from the People.

KINGSVILLE, MO.—W. J. Atkinson writes:—

Mr. Ballou was at Holden, five miles from this place, the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, holding a debate with Mrs. N. M. Montgomery. The two first evenings were very successful, and the first proposition was not present only the first two evenings, owing to bad weather. Mr. Ballou made the best impression upon the audience, as he so mild and so modest. Dr. Porvitz, a very aristocratic, bigoted and conceited.

FREMONT, OHIO.—O. P. Didge writes.—Brother Thomas Harding, of Sturges, Mich., made us a visit a short time since, and delivered one lecture in our place, at the same time, after which we had some very inspirational discourses in York Township, which were well attended and gave much satisfaction.

RICHMOND, IND.—David Hesse writes.—I have been an occasional reader of the JOURNAL, for nearly a year, and have been much interested in it concerning the progress of Spiritualism in this city. I am impressed to send thee these few lines for publication, hoping it will be agreeable to thee and to our common readers of the valuable paper. Spiritualism is progressing slowly but surely in this, our beautiful Quaker City of the West. Since my residence here, for the last three months, I have been attending the meetings of the First Society of Spiritualism uttered in the meetings for worship among Friends, Presbyterians, and Methodists, perhaps unknown to the speakers themselves, and the cause of the latter was, I think, in the past, Mr. Lucie H. Cowles, a highly developed inspirational speaker, from Chardon, Ohio, whose truthful lectures on the progress of Spiritualism have been very successful.

FOREST CITY, IOWA.—Wm. Peters writes.—I write you these few lines to let you know how the cause is working on the frontiers. We are gathering much, but slow. We have much to encounter, having almost the entire population to fight, but are growing in the neighboring towns, Clear Lake, and the latter, a large number of people, my family, a step-daughter, who does wonders. In her presence tables tip, chairs will fall over, and be thrown across the room. By invisibility the cause stove will tip up by the mere touch of her fingers.

HANNA, ILL.—John Welder writes.—I am at present living in the town of Hanna, and have been making inquiries, but cannot find a single person living in this place who dares to say they are Spiritualists. I have been in this place for some time, but was never in or heard about. A little incident occurred here the other day that I will mention: A young man accidentally cut his foot, and being unable to move, the patient, unable to take his leave, the patient asked what he should do for his foot after the surgeon had left. The prescription was,—“Wet it with cold water and wash it three or four times a day.” I was in Moline one day the past week, and called on a friend and brother Spiritualist, and while there, I learned that three prominent clergymen, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, and a Baptist, had met to discuss Spiritualism. I do not remember which,—held a meeting a few days previous, and came to the conclusion that they would investigate and try to learn the cause of the latter. I was very much interested in this. It is so, I do not wonder that the old fogies of Moline raised such a piteous howl as Brother Mitchell wrote about a few days since.

RICHMOND, IND.—A constant reader of the JOURNAL writes.—With longing eyes and anxious heart I have been waiting for the JOURNAL to give an answer to the little girl's question, “Does God keep a cat for, the wonderful antagonism in Nature,” published in your paper of Feb. 3d. The answer is, “Yes,” and the JOURNAL is a wisdom and harmony underlying all discord in nature. It is a subject that greatly interests me. The reading of your paper was the bomb which burst the cause of the latter. I was very much interested in this. It is so, I do not wonder that the old fogies of Moline raised such a piteous howl as Brother Mitchell wrote about a few days since.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A constant reader of the JOURNAL writes.—With longing eyes and anxious heart I have been waiting for the JOURNAL to give an answer to the little girl's question, “Does God keep a cat for, the wonderful antagonism in Nature,” published in your paper of Feb. 3d. The answer is, “Yes,” and the JOURNAL is a wisdom and harmony underlying all discord in nature. It is a subject that greatly interests me. The reading of your paper was the bomb which burst the cause of the latter. I was very much interested in this. It is so, I do not wonder that the old fogies of Moline raised such a piteous howl as Brother Mitchell wrote about a few days since.

ALBANY, OHIO.—O. P. Didge writes.—The paper has come regularly to hand. The science, literature and reform I much admire, but the big

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESTRANGEMENT.

A COMPANION TO

Magdalena.

By the Author of "Media"—"The Mad Actress"—
"The White Slave"—"The Specter Rider"—
"The Rivals," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a mild, bright morning in early spring. Lady Somerville had long since recovered from her illness, which was more of a mental nature than otherwise—hers was a temperament not in harmony with that of her husband, a spirit frequently at odds with his, and greatly lacking that degree of full sympathy so essential to happy companionship. But the ever sympathetic spirit of Maria, so chastened by social suffering, was well calculated by its generous and pure communication to "minister to a mind diseased." And her beneficence rapidly improved and grew strong under her angel-like ministrations.

They were sitting in the parlor, which was musical with the sweet tones of a melodeon provided over by Miss Lizzie Harlan—Maria's only child, now some thirteen years of age, and gifted with a proficiency of musical knowledge, and the possession of a sweet voice, well cultured, and unusual compass for one so young. Born during a temporary estrangement of her father, she had been the child of Maria's sorrow, but was rapidly developing beneath her care and culture, the source of much solace and joy.

Mrs. Somerville's attention was called momentarily to the street. Looking from the window, she exclaimed:

"Dear me, Maria, what can be the matter—such a crowd of men—what confusion! And see, that poor woman seems trying to escape from them. Oh, dear, that burly fellow will kill her. She clings to me and is coming directly for us. Oh, Maria, haste, open the door, let her in."

"Help! help! Save me, save me," shrieked the pursued woman, as with garments all tattered and torn, and her long unbound hair streaming in the air—she darted wildly like a deer direct for the open door of the Somerville's house. Up the steps into the hall—she fell against Maria, carrying her nearly to the floor, shrieking, "Gracious, good woman, save me—do not let them in, he will kill me!"

The door closed with a slam, and the frightened woman sank down exhausted.

A couple of minutes were now spent to emerge from the crowd with the brutal looking man that attempted to grasp the flying woman. They marched him down the street, and the curious crowd after gazing a while up at the house in which the poor woman had taken shelter, dispersed and scattered.

Assisted into the parlor, the woman was questioned as to the cause of her pursuit.

"Oh, my angels, I am so glad you have let me in here. Oh, he would have killed me," she began, her eyes filling with tears.

"Who is the man, and why did he pursue you?" Maria, Somerville questioned the trembling woman.

"Is he your husband?" queried Maria, in a tone of pathetic solicitation.

"Husband! Oh! no, no, my dear lady, he is not my husband," she answered, looking up through her tears.

"But unfortunate creature, what have you been doing, then, that he would, as you say, kill you?"

"Oh! I can not, must not say it. It would deprecate this holy place. The very thought is out of place here."

treble innocence. "What do you mean, 'Leon,' I heard nothing?"

"The cry for help."

"The spasm of paleness that flit over her face, was almost ghastly; and giving utterance only partially to an expression of surprise, it died on her pale lips unfinished."

"Come, at length, half rising, 'Sister Leon, let us return, please, I grow faint, one of my accustomed spells, I fear.'"

She made an additional effort to rise, but sank back again into the chair. "Why, how weak I am."

"Sit still a moment, Louisa. You'll recover presently," said I, soothingly, yet failed not to note the alternate flashes of crimson and paleness flit over her face.

"Now, let us return. I am better."

"Why such haste, Louisa? This is a delightful cozy place. Let us remain and converse a while, and you must pardon my seeming boldness. You said you heard nothing unusual last night; your apartment adjoins mine, I believe, Louisa, does it not?"

"Well, and if it does?"

"Then, am I correct,—I heard you call for help, and—"

"Come not to my assistance. But why this questioning, Leon? Come, let us within, I am sick."

"Confide in me, Louisa, and you will never regret."

"Leonells, do not tempt me so. I have one confessor."

"On my life, Louisa, I would do nothing to your injury, but he was not with you?"

"Oh, Leon, you know all. Save me then further pain, and please question me no more."

"Louisa, I am much interested in you. Come, I will make a proposition. Tell me how one so lovely as yourself, so capable of enjoying all the pleasures and privileges of the world,—came to deny all these, and to prefer a life of sacrifice and seclusion. Tell me but this, and I will tell you."

"Leonella, do not insist on this, for my story is a melancholy one."

"Yet, would I like to know it."

LOUISA'S STORY.

"Well, Leon, I am the youngest of three, and the only daughter. Born in Philadelphia,—my father, Sylvester Somerville, though during his earlier years a sea captain, at the age of forty, left my mother a widow in circumstances of affluence and temporal comfort. He was, alas, one of the too many victims of what has been termed false honor. My mother, unlike my father, had been educated in the discipline and observance of the mother church,—hence the culture of her children, more particularly myself,—for she devoted me, partaking of her belief and practice. My father, though careful to provide lavishly for his family, troubled himself but little about the affairs of the church, and was absent from us frequently, months at a time. Lincoln Sheldon, a young merchant of the firm for whom my father often sailed, and a member of the church of St. M., was a frequent and welcome guest at our table. My father seemed to love the man, and they would often sit after the cloth had been removed, and chat and laugh over their wine, a triad familiar friends."

But such "How vain are all things here below, How false and yet how fair."

"His visits to our home, were not any the less frequent during my parents absence. In a modest parlour, my mother, her mother beside her, thrilled with the charmer's sylvan voice, and fell. In an unhappy moment, all unsuspecting, father returned and came upon them under circumstances which they could neither palliate or explain. Yet, strangely, provokingly impulsive as fathers are said to be, he did not rush into the destroyer of his domestic peace. He acted not rashly at all. So keen and deep was the blow, that the shock seemed for a time to deprive him of both action and of speech."

But the suffering and mortification of my mother,—her distress and frantic cries, drove him at length to madness, and from the house."

"The men, men, and my poor father was brought home a corpse, about through the heart. My brothers, Addison and George, paralyzed with grief, followed our parent in deep silence to the grave."

Months after, Lincoln Sheldon again made his appearance in the city. My young brother, coming upon him suddenly one day after a warning him, and when he had drawn a huge knife in defense, shot him dead, and fled, none of us could tell whither."

Mother being with the corpse, was arrested and cast into prison, where she lay for several months in bitter despair. Yet soon after, the burial of Sheldon, mother received much attention from the church. Some believed her guilty, but many advocated her entire innocence of the charge, and among the latter was the good Father B—, and mainly through his effective efforts, mother was at length released from prison. But there was a private contract entered into, that the control of her property was placed in his hands. With a judicial use of a portion of this, her final acquittal was purchased, and the remainder bequeathed to the church,—myself thrown in. Thus, Leon, you have briefly the cause of my leading a convent life. My mother, reduced from a position of affluence to a dependent on the charities of the church, and our family entirely broken up,—yes, I am Confessor B. whom you heard with me last night."

"A sad history, indeed, but I suppose I must now redeem my promise and give you, Louisa, the story of my life."

It was in the Spanish town of Quilotta that I first saw the light. In reference to my parents, Louisa, suffice it that, like you, they were in goodly circumstances, and of considerable renown in the place where I was born. They gave me an expensive education at a fashionable "boarding-school" connected with the convent at Quilotta, where, as at the convent, I formed many acquaintances, who, I think, prized my friendship up to its full value to them. Among the many who visited me, or rather the institution, there was one more youthful than the rest, who would oft linger in my company after his companions had passed on. I loved the Monk Mendoza, and if his sparkling jet eyes spoke the truth, he was young as he was old, and already, in heart, violated his monastic vow. Yes, Louisa, we loved, but dared not confess it."

It was a beautiful evening that, wrapping a deep cloak about me, I wandered forth, in a mood of musing over the garden grounds of the convent. Reaching the green embankment of a delightful stream of water that meandered romantically through the place, I sat down on the soft grass, lost, somewhat, in a pleasing reverie. I gazed into the clear, running water, as it murmured gently on its useful way, brilliantly silvered by the light of the fair moon. O, I was happy then! I had known great goodness in the truth, he young as he was old, and already, in heart, violated his monastic vow. Yes, Louisa, we loved, but dared not confess it."

"I was happy, sister, to find you so well employed with your communications of your own spirit, spoke a well-modulated, musical voice near me. I quickly rose to my feet, and turning, saw it was Mendoza."

"Thanks, good monk, for though you have started me there is no intrusion, and I shall be

he happier, I doubt not, with the acquisition of your company. Ah, how sweet it is thus to retire and commune with kind Mother Nature,—to read our Great Father's goodness in the flowers at our feet, and draw sermons of knowledge from the murmuring streamlets."

"Well spoken, my daughter. It is delightful to think how the life of the righteous is like this brook, passing on, known or noticed by few, yet affording pleasure and happiness to all in its peaceful and quiet course."

We had neared the edge of a wide portion of the stream, and the clear bright moon, casting her full form into the calm water reflected us to each other as in a mirror. The instant glance I drank in of the happy incident, thrilled me with inexpressible enthusiasm, and in the burning ardor of my feelings I cried:

"O Mendoza! See, as ever a picture offered to mortals like this?"

"It is a beautiful picture,—a most happy reflection of our real selves, my own Leonella."

With his right hand he had clasped my left, and with the other circling my waist, he had drawn me gently to him, and, yes, the monk kissed me! I felt not I had not known entrance, and I knew no more until I awoke long after in his room. But I must haste—and must not dwell here. I can only give an outline, Louisa, of the principle events which changed the current of my singular life."

Somerville entering somewhat brusquely at this juncture, and looking from one to the other with great amazement, said:

"What is this, what have we here?"

The controlling influence, not a little disturbed, continued,

"But I must go now. Maybe I'll come again for my story is not half told. Good bye!"

"Will the spirit controlling please give us her name?" Miriam asked in a kind tone.

"You would not know it, Leonella Harlan—my name, the name of the medium—She prefers not to tell her name. But I know to impart it to you will prove a matter for her. Her name is Charlotte, Elsie Charlton."

The medium opened her eyes as if just waking from a very sound sleep, and seeing Somerville standing there, and gazing at her so wonderingly, started and screamed aloud, shrieking closely to Maria's side, and covering her face with both hands. "Elsie Somerville, after a few moments of quiet joking with George in the farther corner of the room, about his spiritual actions and sympathy for mediums, explained to him the circumstances attending the appearance of the poor woman into their presence. We will not dilate here on the great pleasure Geo. Somerville experienced when he learned all concerning the remarkable mediumship of the stranger, who though as he left his wife's side, and approached to where she had sat, started up quickly and fled into the hall towards the street."

"Stay, stay, my good woman, do not have us in that way. Maria, bring her back, please," said George. "Come we want you to feel assured that you are with friends now, and while you are here no harm shall befall you."

Though somewhat reassured by this friendly speech, poor Leonella still clung timidly to Maria's hand, and seemed much abashed by her disordered appearance; seeing which Geo. intimated in a kindly question the propriety of Maria conducting her to the bath-room, and furnishing her with some clothing. This was what Maria had been longing to hear, and she, Maria, flew with the bewildered woman up the stairs, and placed her in a way of refreshing herself by a thorough bath, hurried off to her own room to make up a change of clothing from her own wardrobe."

Speakers Register.

Speakers Register and Notice of Meetings. We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers with a heavy cooperation on the part of those most interested.

Mr. H. J. Wilson, inspirational speaker. Address: Care of Station-Philosophical Journal, 187 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

J. Madison Allen, Tacoma, N. J.

O. Francis Allen, Elmhurst, Mass.

Mr. Orrin Abbott, developing medium, 187 S. Clark street, Chicago; Room 19.

Daniel W. Hull, inspirational speaker, Hobart, Ind.

S. S. Rouse, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Head, Wisconsin.

Dr. J. R. Bailey, Box 394 Leport Ind.

Adeline E. Allen, 433 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. H. F. Fairfield will answer calls to lecture. Address: Accora, N. J.

A. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address: Richmond, Ind.

Dr. Wm. R. Jocelyn, Lehigh, Pa.

Address him in care of the Office, 187 South Clark Street Dr. P. B. Randolph, 99 Court St., Boston, Mass.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO JUNE 18, 1870.

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All letters and communications should be addressed S. S. JONES, 187 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

The Unfolding of Material and Spiritual Objects.

Columbus, actuated by a spirit of adventure, never faltered until he had discovered the New World. Franklin, impressed with the belief that electricity pervaded all nature, sent his kite heavenward, and when the electric spark spoke to him from the murky cloud, he knew that he had established a grand truth. Morse, believing that he could send news with the speed of thought, persisted in his work, until now the magnetic telegraph girdles the world. The ancient philosophers, and indeed those of modern times, have been compelled to search for that which they desired to obtain. The immortal Swedenborg, with his vision illuminated, and soul beaming with inspiration, in his work entitled, "The Animal Kingdom," tries to lift the mystic veil, and exposes to view the human soul as he believes at one time that there was a line of demarcation between the soul and body, just as distinguishable as that which exists between oil and water, or between the fish and the element in which it floats; but finally he came to the conclusion that such was not the case. Whether he investigated this intricate question in his normal condition, or was inspired by his spirit guides, we are unable to say. If spirit is the soul of matter, as it were, it pervades all the realms of space, and there can be no "discrete degree," as Swedenborg says, between the two—knowing that spirit possesses none of the requisites of matter, as defined by us,—that it does not possess extension, impenetrability, etc. in the sense that we apply those attributes to the material universe. Now, if spirit is an outgrowth of matter, there must have been a time when there was no spirit, and if matter is an outgrowth of spirit, there certainly was a time when there was no matter. But if spirit possesses none of the attributes of matter, how can the latter give birth to the former? We will take, for example, the first nucleated cell of human life. This cell, in its growth, exhibits elements of life. It has all the attributes of matter. Now, as this little cell increases in size, it bursts, as it were, and then we find three, four, or five cells, combined, resembling at first a gelatinous substance. In this nucleated cell which is the first starting point of human life, we find matter, and incorporated therewith we find spirit also. One possesses the attributes of matter; the other does not. One impregnates the other. The steam is accompanied by force, develops it, or, in other words, furnishes a medium of communication through which it can act. Steam is matter, but force is not. Take the magnet, for example. It exhibits force by attracting the needle and compelling it to move towards it; yet no one would say that force possessed the attributes of matter, which it can act. Steam is matter, but force is not. Take the magnet, for example. It exhibits force by attracting the needle and compelling it to move towards it; yet no one would say that force possessed the attributes of matter, which it can act. Steam is matter, but force is not. Take the magnet, for example. It exhibits force by attracting the needle and compelling it to move towards it; yet no one would say that force possessed the attributes of matter, which it can act.

Matter, then, does not create spirit, but furnishes a medium for its peculiar manifestation. There is magnetism in the knife, and it becomes active when brought in contact with the lodestone. There is spirit in all things, but it is latent in many cases, until matter is placed in such relations that it can act upon it. There is, then, no dividing line between matter and spirit, or between the various primaries of the universe. There is latent heat in the iceberg. There are

elements therein that can melt the hardest iron in the twinkling of an eye. Really, then, being no dividing line between spirit and matter, how is it that the spiritual organization ever became separated from the physical structure? This is, indeed, quite a pertinent question. Seemingly, then, the "discrete degree," supposed to exist by Swedenborg, between matter and spirit, is no myth, but a verity. In his conclusions he was right, but he stopped too suddenly. In matter diffused and spirit diffused there exists no "discrete degree,"—none whatever. Matter diffused and spirit diffused, acting harmoniously together, and possessing all the primes, constitute the element, as it were, in which matter and spirit, imbued with a conscious life, exist. The moment the outer covering is removed, the spiritual body, requiring no longer the elements of matter, exists in the spiritual realm.

Now, the question naturally arises, if such be the case, is there not a dividing line between spirit and matter? The spiritual world is not, you may say, connected with the material world, nor is the spirit body connected with the material body, hence there must exist a "discrete degree" between the two. This is indeed a pertinent question, and one eminently well calculated to baffle the most skillful logician. But stop! The first nucleated cell that we previously alluded to had connected with it spirit, and something more, life. The action of the physical universe arrests latest spirit, which goes to make up the spiritual world,—rising from it, in one respect, as the cloud would rise from the sea. There then exists the same dividing line between the physical and spiritual universes as between the water of the sea and the mist arising from it. While there is no "discrete degree," the mist becomes rarer the higher it ascends, until currents of air condense it;—this, however, is a crude illustration, but answers our purpose. The earth, then, does not create spirit, but excites it into action. The steam does not create force, but affords a medium for it to act; neither does the nucleated cell alluded to create spirit,—it is only placed in such relations that it acts through it.

Spirit and matter are eternal. They always existed. Spirit exists in matter,—in the tree, the flower, the golden grain, and everything the eye can see. In all conditions of matter, then, there is spirit, and while life and spirit united produce intelligent consciousness, matter,—crude matter,—in its various changes, in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, is producing a spiritual realm, adapted for the abode of the soul of man. That the latter is the outgrowth of the former, is true,—just as true as that the soul is the outgrowth of the physical body. We do not mean that it is created, but that it exists, in a latent state or otherwise, in matter, and by certain conditions is excited into action.

The spiritual world is invisible to us, from the fact that the pulse-waves or undulation therefrom, impinging on the retina of the eye, are so delicate that they cannot excite it. But deplete the optic nerve and the retina of the eye—by which one, as the retina is only an expansion of the optic nerve—of their animal magnetism, and then let a spirit supply its place with spiritual magnetism, and then those pulse-waves proceeding from spiritual objects, will be transmitted to the mind, and then you can see the scenery of the spirit world. Science has revealed many startling facts in relation to these little pulse-waves. They proceed from every object. When it is too gross to cause them, the object is invisible, and when an exceedingly sublimated, like the spirit world, these pulse-waves are so exceedingly delicate that they do not affect, in the least, the retina of the eye. Without these pulse-waves nothing could be seen or heard. What is true in reference to the various objects that are presented to our vision, is also true in reference to sound. These little undulating waves that are started in motion when a spirit speaks, are so delicate that the auditory nerve can not feel them at all, and, of course, the mind can not take cognizance of them. But let the nerve be depleted of its animal magnetism, or rendered negative, which is equivalent thereto, and then charged thoroughly with spiritual magnetism, and at that moment those little pulse waves, set in motion by a spirit voice, can be transmitted to the mind, and you become at once clairaudient.

Take the retina of the eye. Science tells us that four hundred and seventy-seven trillions of these pulse waves per second, impinging upon the eye, cause the sensation of red. But how different the pulse-waves from the spirit scenes! Indeed, they so far exceed those from material objects, in rapidity, that the wisest mathematician in the spirit world would hesitate before trying to compute them. A wheel may be running so fast that you cannot distinguish the spokes; but let the room be darkened, and a flash of lightning will enable you to perceive every spoke distinctly, and the wheel will appear for the moment as if standing still. While four hundred and seventy-seven trillions of pulse waves are required to convey the idea of red, five hundred and five trillions give a sensation of orange. These pulse-waves, coming with various degrees of undulations, produce to our view the material world. Pulsations above them are too attenuated to produce any sensation, and those below them, too gross. Here, then, if anywhere, is the "discrete degree" between spirit and matter,—the pulsations that reveal to us the existence of matter. It is then a wise provision of nature, that when these pulse-waves proceeding from the unseen world, become so attenuated, so exceedingly delicate that they can make no impression on the crude optic nerve, that there is a method whereby its condition can be rendered more sensitive and subject to them. In the material world, the maximum of pulsations to the eye, per second, is six hundred and ninety-nine trillions,—the minimum, five hundred and thirty-five trillions. When the pulsations are above the maximum or below the minimum number, nothing can be seen.

While we assert that there is no dividing line between spirit and matter, we claim that indi-

vidualized matter and spirit has its sphere of action in matter and spirit diffused, and that spirit is the outgrowth of matter in the same sense that the mist overspreading the sea is an outgrowth of the same; that is, spirit is incorporated with matter the same as the mist is with the sea.

H. W. Beecher's Views on Spiritualism.

The Rev. George Haddock, of Appleton, Wisconsin, says in a letter, "You cannot be expected to follow up all the things, good, bad and indifferent, which are constantly being said about you, but from the fact that Spiritualists, very generally, claim you, I should be glad to receive from you a denial of those statements, if they are not correct."

"We reply, categorically, that we are not believers in Spiritualism, neither in the spiritual origin of the phenomena, nor in the religious teachings which are propagated in the books and papers issued in the interest of this new sect."

"We have no reason to think that intentional deception is practiced, and in the comparatively few cases in which we have been spectators of the spiritual phenomena, we are sure that there was neither collusion nor deception."

"The various explanations that have been given of the unquestionable phenomena that are developed through mediums have never at all satisfied us. The cheap allegations that it is a pure illusion, that it is a fraud, that it is the magnetic reflex of the thoughts and feelings of the person present, are just as unsatisfactory as the belief that inspirings from the action of intelligent disembodied spirits. We wait patiently for light upon this very curious, and, as we regard it, very important department of facts. We expect that light from science. When it comes, we shall know something more of the possibilities of the human mind, but very little more, we suspect, of the great invisible realm beyond. We frankly admit that we long to believe in Spiritualism—but cannot. We do not not resist evidence and conviction, but we resist belief. Who does not wish, with all his soul that it might prove true that windows were opened into the other world, through which we might commune with the disembodied?"

"But what shall one do? After seeing, listening, pondering, belief does not come, and the case grows worse, and not better."

"I cannot be so tolerant of the literature of Spiritualism as we are of the phenomenology. It is the most hopeless waste of sentimentality, the most extraordinary effusion of fancy, futile philosophy and maudlin religiousness,—and in the most extraordinary quantity,—that ever broke loose upon the world."

"It would be humiliating to believe that dying gives to the soul such a back-seat as the revelations of Spiritualism manifest. After the growth and experience of seventy years in the flesh, it is hard to think that one is doomed, in the after life to semi-idioty."—Church Inien.

It was remarked by an ancient savor, that all men, particularly great men, had a vein of idiosyncrasy permeating their natures, which, at times, made them appear exceedingly ridiculous; and that the more profound the philosopher, the larger the vein. There is certainly a great deal of truth in that statement. Sir Isaac Newton, when engaged in an abstruse calculation on one occasion, was in a profuse perspiration, and suffering terribly in consequence of his proximity to a hot stove; but the vein of idiosyncrasy was so large in him that he did not comprehend the fact that heat decreases in a certain ratio when radiating from a stove, and that he could obviate the difficulty by moving back a little,—so he called a servant to take the stove from the room. The servant quickly asked him if it would not be better for him to move back a little. "Oh! I never thought of that. That will be the better way," he replied.

As with Newton, so with Henry Ward Beecher. He is a great man in every sense of the word,—a profound philosopher, and, of course, that "idiosyncrasy" is so large in him that, in his metaphysical speculations, he fails to recognize the simple truths of Spiritualism.

Speaking of the literature of Spiritualism, he uses only disparaging terms. He is, like Newton, so intensely interested in the solution of some knotty question, that he fails to recognize the fact that by simply a change of base, the truth of Spiritualism would at once flash upon his mind.

Spirit is communicating as compelled to use the organism of another, which is, of course, exceedingly difficult, and it is not to be wondered at that many blunders and mistakes are made. Yet we are prepared to show that the literature of Spiritualism is broader, more comprehensive in its details, and embraces grander truths than all the sermons he has ever written, or the literature of all the religious denominations combined.

Denton supersedes Hitchcock and Hugh Miller, in unearthing geological truths. Andrew Jackson Davis is far in advance of the German or French philosophers, in unfolding the beauty and harmony of nature. Hudson Tuttle, in his "Arcana of Nature," excels Herschel, Kepler, or any of the German or French school of astronomers. Dr. P. B. Randolph advances views in regard to Pre-Adamite man that far surpass those of Agassiz. The teachings of Spiritual literature embrace within their ample folds the purest and loftiest morality. They recognize no God who is contemptible and mean enough to give expression to his anger, or who will encourage a falsehood. Here we have a specimen of that literature which Beecher so much admires. Whether it is a "hopeless waste of sentimentality, the most extraordinary effusion of fancy, futile philosophy, and maudlin religiousness," we leave the reader to judge.

And he said, "Hear thou, therefore, the word of the Lord; I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him, on his right hand and on his left. And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab that he will go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead? And one of this manner and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Where wast thou? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of his prophets. And he said, These shall persuade him. Gilead shall also: forth and do so.—1 Kings, xxi. 18-22.

This is the character of the God that Henry Ward Beecher worships.

Then there was David, "a man after God's own heart," who would not now be allowed to associate with the lowest rascals. He robbed

Bathsheba of her innocence and purity, and then, with his heart actuated by a malicious spirit, murdered her husband. In the thirty-eighth Psalm he avows himself afflicted with those disorders that often distinguish the lowest debauchee. In the one hundred and ninth Psalm he prayed that widowhood, orphanage and poverty might be the lot of women and children. In 1 Kings, xi chap. 9th verse, he says:

"Now, therefore, hold him not guiltless, for thou art a wise man, and knowest what thou oughtest to do unto him; but his heart head bring thou down to the grave with blood."

In causing the death of old Shimei, he manifested the hardness of his heart and his mean, contemptible nature, for he was then lying at the point of death. Still, he was a "man after God's own heart."

Whether the literature that Henry Ward Beecher founds his religion upon, and from which we have here taken the above extracts, will compare favorably with the literature of Spiritualism, we leave the reader to judge.

LETTER FROM AUSTIN KENT.

BROTHER JONES: In view of your late suggestion that I send you a receipt per JOURNAL of all money that I get through your patrons, I give the following, as near as I can get it since my general report in February. Much of it has been in the JOURNAL, once as it came through you to me. I have acknowledged its receipt by letter when I had the full address.

Mrs. J. H. Bradshaw	81 00
Mrs. Addie L. Ballou	1 00
L. M. & S. Severance	5 00
J. B. Ferguson	5 00
Mrs. M. C. Young	2 00
J. M. Winslow	2 00
P. Hayward	2 00
Warren Chase	1 00
R. S. Pond	1 00
Phelix Shelling	1 00
Little Jessup, 80 50, Ezra Sellen, 82 50,	
J. D. Jones, 83 50,	5 50
Frank Scaries	5 00
Total	\$30 60

The friends are giving me such temporal relief as I have not had for some years, their kindness and charity I can never forget. I hope in doing my duty I may have their reward. I may never be able to personally reward them, though I will greet them again on the other side of so-called death. I have more and more faith that my radical friends will not permit me to suffer from temporal needs as I have, but will continue to remember me at times.

Gratefully yours and theirs,
AUSTIN KENT.

THE JOURNAL.

This week's number will be found unusually interesting. The lecture of Mrs. Emma Harding, on the sixth page, is replete with sound logic, and will be read with interest. The communication from George Lynn gives us an inkling of the discussion between Addie L. Ballou and B. F. Underwood, at Joliet.

On the first page, the address of Thomas, Gales Foster, at the funeral of Josephine Bayly, robs death of its terror. It will be read with interest,—also other miscellaneous articles.

On the second page, the Report of the Northwestern Speakers' Convention contains much that will interest mediums. The new theory in reference to the Structure of the Earth, and the probable discovery of a "new world," will be read, with the wish arising that it may prove true. Robert Stenck's article on Phenology, advances some new ideas. P. B. Jones' letter shows the status of Spiritualism in Davenport and Rock Island.

On the third page, the thrilling story of "Estrangement," will be perused with pleasure.

On the eighth page, Brother Wilson's Department contains many valuable truths.

In Brother Child's Department, is an interesting communication, showing the condition of Spirit Life.

THE JOURNAL is rapidly increasing in circulation, and becoming a great favorite with the people.

MR. AND MRS. J. M. GRANT, M. D.

Our Brother, Dr. Grant, late of San Francisco, California, who has performed some truly wonderful cures as a healing medium, during his sojourn in Chicago, has not been idle in other things, while not engaged as a healing medium. That he has great powers as a spiritual medium, for healing the lame, by simply a laying on of hands, was fully verified by his curing a little girl who for years, could only hobble about on a crutch, by three treatments, so that she threw away her crutch, and has walked well ever since.

Among the other things that the Dr. has done, is to attend the requisite terms of lectures at the Eclectic Medical College of Chicago, and to graduate as a well-read physician. But more yet. The Doctor won the heart of another graduate, a lady of high attainments as an M. D., of the same school, united with her in matrimony, in accordance with the rites of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, and has taken her with him to California, where they intend to settle for life, combining her gifts with his science as a healing medium, and a surgeon.

May good angels be with them.

VALUABLE NEW BOOKS.

We are in receipt of a new invoice of "Talks to My Patients" and "Health by Good-Living," and have filled all orders on hand. We can hereafter supply off subscribers without delay.

The two books contain a great amount of practical information. See advertisements.

MRS. SAWYER'S SEANCES.

Mrs. Sawyer continues to hold seances every day in the week as heretofore, at the Reception Rooms of this Publishing House. See advertisement.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, HEALING, PSYCHIC, PSYCHO-METRIC AND BUSINESS MEDIUM.

Can be addressed or found at her residence, 148 Fourth Avenue. Her powers are truly wonderful in all of their phases. Let the sick everywhere read her advertisement.

WE are now prepared to supply our subscribers with Prof. Prussan's great work, "Fresh Eggs and Yellow Butter." Upon the receipt of \$5.00 we will forward a copy, postage paid.

Mrs. Abbott, the Developing Medium, is yet to be found at No. 148 Fourth Avenue. She is a most excellent developing medium.

EMMA HARDING.

This distinguished lady was again greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience at Music Hall, on Sunday last. She ably sustains the reputation that preceded her. Having published a large number of her lectures, those who have read them will seem to be in the presence of an old friend when they hear her speak.

Personal and Local.

Dr. Kayser, Clairvoyant Physician, of Erie, Pennsylvania, called at our office on Tuesday, on his way home, from the West, and gave us an example of his Clairvoyant powers. He is one of the clearest Medical Seers in the field, and is doing an excellent work among the afflicted. We bespeak for him the confidence of the public.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is now prepared to make arrangements for lecturing during the summer and fall months. From the numerous commendations sent to us from the various fields where she has labored, we judge that she has been doing a grand work for the cause. She should be kept constantly employed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Golden, of Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania, would be glad to entertain any speaker who may give her a call.

Daniel W. Hall, the indefatigable worker, speaks at Rensselaer, Indiana during this month.

Dr. J. K. Bailey took a prominent part in the Speakers' Convention, at Joliet. He is a sharp writer, clear thinker, and the Spiritualists should extend to him a warm reception wherever he goes. He is now on his way to Minnesota. We hope to hear from him often.

Dr. H. P. Fairchild speaks in Philadelphia, this month, and in Williamsport, Connecticut, during July.

Dr. Henry Houghton's address, for June, is Ashland, Massachusetts.

Dean Clark can be addressed at Salisbury, Vermont. He is a fine lecturer and a first-class medium.

The Springfield Republican—it ought to know—says that there is a bar-room in Boston, owned by a church.

Mrs. Wilcoxson is engaged to speak to the Spiritual Association in Lockport, on the 19th of this month; and Dr. D. B. Kayser, Clairvoyant Physician, of Erie, Pennsylvania, is engaged to speak at Joliet, June 29th and July 10th, and at Lockport July 21st and 27th. He will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity week-day evenings and will attend to patients. Address, for the month, at Joliet, Illinois.

Mrs. S. M. Jorgensen has changed her residence, and may be found at No. 60 Cass street, between Indiana and Ohio. She is a Symbolic Seer and inspirational adviser.

Dr. H. S. Brown speaks of the Sparta, (Wis.) State Convention, held on the 17th, as follows:

"I have just been informed that the Davenport Brothers have agreed to be in Sparta, Wisconsin, at our State Convention, on the 17th of June. Their presence in the convention will add greatly to its interest, and their phenomenal facts will be most convincing to all persons who are wavering in their opinions about spiritual communication with spirits of earth. Now, it is well understood that we shall have the best Spiritualist speakers in the convention; and as the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad will give half-price excursion tickets to all who wish to attend,—good from the twentieth of the month of June, inclusive,—it will be one of the best opportunities that can be offered for searching after spiritual truth to learn it, and for Spiritualists to take sweet counsel together."

"H. S. Brown, M. D.,

"564 Milwaukee St."

Mrs. Harding's appointments for August and September, are as follows:

Geneva, O., Sunday, Aug. 7th.

Ashland, " Tuesday Eve, Aug. 9th.

Jefferson, " Thursday " 11th.

Painesville, " Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 13th and 14th.

Millan Grove Meeting, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 17th and 18th.

Farmington, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 27th and 28th.

Cleveland (Lyceum Hall), during the Sundays of September.

The friends who desire Mrs. Harding's services any of the unoccupied times during these two months, and with reasonable distance of Cleveland, should make arrangements at once, which they can do by addressing—A. A. Wheeler, 47 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium, 148, Fourth Avenue.

Mrs. Robinson, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most ready cure is the eventual object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "as support" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief in curable cases, through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and it is an internal remedy, or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient; but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any sick person who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirit controls her accomplish the same, is done as when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business and trance medium.

Terms.—First prescription, \$1.00—each subsequent, \$0.50. The money should accompany the application, to insure a reply.

The Postscript.

LECTURE NO. XVIII.

By Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on the Amusements of the People.—Delivered before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, on Friday, Evening, Nov. 19th, 1869.

(Reported expressly for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and Recurred by Law, by Henry T. Child, M. D.)

The subject of this evening's address will be the Amusements of the People, and I ask your attention to these three propositions:—first, that amusement or recreation in some form is as absolutely essential to the well-being of man as education; next, that amusement in the home circle should be promoted as carefully by the parent as education; lastly, that amusements for the people should be legislated for with just as much care as any other branch of legislative action by the government of the country.

It may seem to you that the word "amusement" signifies a subject scarcely worthy of a methodical speaker. Nevertheless, if I can defend these propositions, I shall show you that amusements are of just as much importance as any other branch of interest that belongs to man.

In the first place, I invite your attention to a defense of my first proposition, namely: that amusement is absolutely essential to the well-being of man,—as much so as we consider it a necessity for children. We have five senses, each of which is associated with a certain faculty which the soul is informed and the intellect instructed or the mind enlightened. Every one of these five senses is an absolute demand which our structure makes upon its Creator for a supply. Demand and supply have been given liberally. The sense of sight, for example, informs the mind, through the sight. The sense of hearing requires such action as produces sound. The sense of feeling conveys a variety of information to the mind by touch. The sense of taste is not a mere incentive to appetite, but it is an absolute demand to inform the intellect of the quality of the food. The sense of smell, with equally appreciative force, demands emanations or auras from matter. All these senses are designed not only for instruction, but for growth, for enjoyment, for all the various purposes of life which we call action. If, for instance, our eye merely and unlovely form such objects as simply instruct us,—how wearisome would the world become to us. Deprive us of the faculty which realizes beauty, and which, it has been asserted, is not necessary for instruction, and what becomes of refinement? The influence of the glorious form of nature which God has made beautiful, is lost upon us unless the eye has the capacity to discriminate and appreciate that beauty. Yet, beauty is not absolutely necessary for us. We can understand size, color, shape, form and distance, and all the attributes of matter which the eye can take in without beauty, but the very moment the eye perceives beauty, a fresh set of emotions is awakened, other faculties are called into play, aspiration mounts into worship, and admiration is the foundation of the love of the grand,—the love of God. Even so with the sense of hearing.—It is not absolutely necessary that the harsh, rattle of the streets, the rattle of jarring sounds that we call noise.—It is not necessary that these should be converted into music, to instruct us in the various motions that are pursued; yet, what a different set of sentiments are awakened between noise and music! However we may be instructed by the one, we are not so to the extent that we are by the other. Noise is information. Music is the speech of heaven. As we drink in the one, we may be instructed simply in the characteristic movements which produce sounds; as, we listen to the other, our spirits are touched, our affections are awakened, our feelings are called into play, all the powers of the mind are opened. So of every sense even that lowest of all, taste, is not only calculated to discriminate amidst the qualities of food, as also calculated to produce that pleasure which elevates above the mere sensuous act of supplying the body with objects of proper food for the repair of the daily waste, but produces a refined sentiment which dignifies the act and makes it a satisfaction to us. So also of the senses of touch and smell. The enjoyments of the senses are their highest functions,—the operation of the senses for discrimination, their lowest.

Above and beyond all these senses is the sixth sense, perception,—perception of all things in nature;—a sense which gathers up all the various incidents of information that we receive through the five senses, and arranges them before the judgement. If we call these senses into operation without any discrimination, that relief which we call amusement, mirthfulness, recreation, and allow the judgement only to operate, the sense of perception to be perpetually called upon to pronounce upon intellectual topics, and only exercise those faculties of the mind which inform it, and you will find that the organism will wear out, the senses and the rest of the powers of the mind, will degenerate under the vast tax upon the peculiar organs which are thus called to make up the judgement. This will produce that description of information which, sooner or later, ends in insanity or idiocy. I say this upon the well-secured ground of various experiences, have in the past, and ancient times, been most cruelly practiced upon slaves, and, in modern times, have been proved by observations, showing us that insanity is the result of the excessive use of some faculty of the mind,—which we call an organ, but there is no such thing as an organ of the brain; we use that word to denote the practical quality of mind,—let this be unduly taxed, and it is, invariably, exercised at the expense of the rest, and the excessive use either wears out and destroys its energy, or produces a degree of excitement that is in itself insanity. A want of balance amongst the organs or faculties is insanity.

We would ask what you propose to do with mirthfulness,—with that sense which is fed by beauty,—with that which is fed by the enjoyment of sound,—with the various enjoyments of the senses, which result in what we call amusement in every direction. Deprive the mind of these, and you can preserve the balance, and a morbid, misanthropic feeling which produces a perpetual waste of every organ which you call into play, must be the result.

That man or woman is neither half formed nor half capable of enjoying life, who is deprived of the opportunity of sharing in its amusements. I can elaborate this theme much further, metaphysically speaking, but I simply lay down this axiom.

The next question, then, that arises is this:—since amusement we must have,—since it is demanded by the structure of the body and the functions of the mind,—since it is demanded by the good Creator, he who has legislated for the human mind, that all the organs must have appropriate exercise, has supplied us so abundantly with all the means for recreation, and even amusement, which man can possibly demand. This part of the subject, very briefly touched, I now look upon as one of those axiomatic truths, which we may enlarge upon as we desire, but cannot ever change.

My next proposition, then, is concerning the character of the amusements,—the time and

the place in which they shall be given. I have observed that I require of parents and teachers to provide for the child, as for the adult, the home, as for education. First, then, I call your attention to the fact of home amusements. I shall presently speak of those larger and wider spheres of amusements for which I demand the action of the legislature and the government. Allusion, I at times have made, to the fact that the proper period for recreative action is the evening, when the business of the day is done,—when the various demands upon the intellect, by the various occupations of life,—are all performed, and the sun,—the great, beneficent God of day has withdrawn from our earth, leaving the city streets in solemn silence, and all the busy avocations of life, and the avocations that we have pursued during the day, point us homeward, and give us one of those natural lessons from which there can be no retreat. We now commence home life; we now call upon each other to supply those resources which are necessarily cut off by the busy avocations of the day. We now call upon the family, the friends or those who claim to be the ministers of public amusements, to produce their various opportunities for refreshing the mind, regaling the eye, pleasing the senses, and thus producing relief and recreation which we call amusement.

There are four methods of home amusement which should be as carefully cultivated as any form of learning that we can inspire our children with.

The first of these is music. The second dancing.—Yes, dancing!—even in the City of Brotherly Love, I dare to pronounce the word. The next, a word of quiet import and evil I fear, is the novel. The last, and still more important, the novel.

Let us inquire what functions these missionaries of amusement are expected to perform. Supposing, for a brief period, we were transplanted to the land of Germany. Supposing that instead of being in this quiet, peaceful, well-ordered, excessively quiet city, we were a few brief hours transplanted into one of those strange, queer, old Flemish or German towns, with their old Catholic cathedrals, strange little streets, wonderful old buildings with overhanging eaves, and all the remains of antiquity so strangely mixed up with modern improvement; we should see the record gradually tracing its self in brick and mortar, for hundreds of years; we should see great crowds of people, and would naturally ask what these people are going to do with shouts and laughter. The places of business are all closed, and the busy bustle of city life is suspended.

First, you see the good, jolly father, and the children, in every family, are at her side, like a ladder descending to the very ground, so many steps, the children—each one armed with an instrument of music, for destroying the busy cobwebs that crowd about the memory and fill it with Day books and Ledgers, and money gods; all are swept away by the iconoclastic hammer of the German dance, and the children, led by a boy by the side of the mother, carry an instrument of music, and each one is taught music. I do not say that this prevails in every family, but you will find it in so many of them that the result is that the Germans are the most musical people in Europe,—take the lead in that species of entertainment which the mind loves, and which understanding and proves itself permanent and enduring; not because they practice music alone, but because the taste for music ever accompanies a taste for the higher and more intellectual ranges of thought, which so eminently distinguish the Germans.

The fact that music is thus cultivated and that this every country is one of the best evidences that they are a moral and industrious people, for whilst the busy wheels of life are rolling past, it is impossible that they should be forever the toiler; but the philosophical German has found the safety-valve for all his troubles in this sweet and delightful practice of music.

When I am taught this, I am taught that more droopery and external accomplishment, but as a matter of growth and purification of the mind, and a mere innocent entertainment; where every member of the family is interested, good results must follow. Some of the noblest minds, some of the finest minds in the world are found among the German people. Philosophy and music have gone side by side for generations, and many families have long been noted as distinguished musicians.

All the children have thus been taught. A celebrated German teacher was accustomed to say to those who asked him how he could tell if his children had a taste for music, "I do not know. I never ask them if they have a taste for reading or writing. I simply have them taught!" and music was to him just as necessary as any other element of education.

The question whether it is possible to worship God without song, and music, is the one, I repeat, I ask you how you form your speech in prayer? Is it not inevitably rhythmic? Does it not assume everywhere some kind of prose poetry? Where do you find the line of demarcation between poetry and music? The noblest form of poetry and music is worship, and the highest expression of worship is ever given in music.

But I could speak to you from now till doomsday, and never exhaust my subject. I could tell you how the soldier was marched to death upon the battle field to the sound of music; how the brave martyrs have gone singing through the flames, and have in the sound of song, of harmony, and they knew naught till they had ceased to be in the form.

There is not only melody in music, but it is impossible to listen to the sounds of it without feeling holier, and better. This is one of those elements of inspiration, of instruction, of elevation, of the soul, one of those practical powers of raising the mind upon the wings of harmony, which is simply treated as an accomplishment to be taught your children provided they manifest a taste for it. Were every family in Evans County sufficiently instructed in music as well as in reading, writing and ciphering, so that when the evening comes they should group themselves together in the family circle and each one be able to take their part, there would be little fear of crime. It might prove bad for the alehouses and the gambling saloons.

I think music should be considered as a part of public education, and brought into the public schools, and practiced every day in your families. If this was thus admitted into the various systems of education that are now so rife among you, you need not repeat the ten commandments so often. You would not have so much opposition for your police officers. Your city streets would not be degraded by the noise that are now heard; you would be more moral, more spiritual. I commend this thought to every good mother and father.

I repeat, and I know what I say, being myself a Professor of music, that there is no child of two years old that may not be taught more accurately, master some instrument, than can be taught letters, spelling or ciphering. They read scraps of music as they go, and they have a constant and unceasing source of amusement.

Another source of amusement is dancing. What does it signify, my good follower of Geo. Fox, and the worthy disciples of our particular sect, that you look upon it as a heathen device of the enemy for capturing souls. I wonder if these Christians ever question the purpose of dancing in the days of King David? If they ever understood it fully in its moral influence as well as physical; if they ever com-

prehended what dancing means; if any of you have ever paid a visit to that strange people, the Shakers, you would find it to be a part of their worship. Has it ever entered into the conception of our orthodox brethren, who protest against dancing, and assert that the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and that some means of cultivating the mind and training the body, as well as the intellect should be carefully considered by parents? It may be asserted that the exercises that our children are required to take in labor is sufficient. There is no species of exercise which is so useful as that performed to the sound of rhythmic music. Under these circumstances, many persons find themselves scarcely able to restrain the action of the muscles, that seem imperatively to demand this. I cannot speak from experience, but I can speak from practical observation, that some form of exercise, which combines amusement, that which can produce the highest and most exalted condition of ecstasy, cannot be entirely wrong. There must be something in this exercise of dancing which the old Hebrews found so efficacious in this act of worship, that the Romans, the Greeks and the Hebrews and all nations of antiquity, practiced with such good effect. So far from degrading dancing, it formed in all ancient systems a part of religious worship, because the act seemed inevitably as the result of rhythmic music, because there was an exaltation of spirit, which carried it to the extreme of ecstasy, or, at least, to a very high degree, and the exaltation resulting from the act of dancing, is almost similar to the exaltation produced by the magnetism of the spirit circle, with this difference, that here we call the organs, muscles and nerves of the whole system into play. The action is both healthy and natural. Nature herself does not ask you to cultivate that healthy form of motion—sin, graceful dancing by crowding young people in close, unventilated halls. I do not ask you to violate the sweet order of nature's modesty by precipitating yourselves into the arms of strangers, whom you only chance to meet in the ball-room.

There are many things connected with dancing, which I cannot say I am pleading for the good of recreation which the young and old alike plead for, and would protest against that silence and solitude, of morbid and misanthropic evenings at home, where sullen mothers and sullen fathers sit coldly and discordantly over the books, that are so often the only recreation that is left to the family together, and promote healthy recreation of mind and body. It is in this sense that I regard dancing as one of the useful and healthful forms of amusement,—whether it be the gymnastic practice, or other forms of physical exercise, at once graceful, rhythmic and accompanied by sweet music.

I now propose to speak of that third form of amusement which carries us away from home. The question of theatrical and operatic amusements appear to me to take a negative form rather than an affirmative. I ask upon what positive principle can we denounce them?

Could we not say that the cause should be denounced,—still they give rise to many forms of employment,—absolutely necessary to the household. So we may denounce the use of wheat when you convert it into whisky; when you pour it down the throat in intoxicating fire-water,—it is very different from its use as food. The bread of life in these pictures, which combine painting, sculpture, music and poetry, high morals, grand sentiments,—every form of instruction that the mind can desire, can be found in the drama, from the realms of poetry and music, philosophy, science and morals. I am not a philosopher, but I am one of the highest and noblest institutions for the amusement of the people in classical days. It was something more than amusement amongst the Greeks and Romans,—it was the secular church where all that was noble and elevating was presented. I need not remind you that the grandest and noblest of the present day, some of the most instructive lessons that can be given in the name of the classics.

Go back and acquire their meaning when they were first presented?

They were gems of instruction in cultivated form by living action of painting, of scenery; they were noble histories, which, instead of being read by your fireides, were presented in the form of living action. The witty Aristophanes and cutting the satire that he set forth, was scarcely a vice of the day that was not lashed by him. He was again and again rewarded by the most wonderful public honors that could be lavished upon any one. Although he afterwards fell into disgrace, it was he who gave to the highest comedy of the day. Every form of vice was lashed by him with keen and bitter satire, which effected far more reform in that direction, than even the stern arm of the law could do.

Even so the noblest sentiments were fostered and cultivated by the inspired Euripides and Socrates, and various noble writers among the Greeks and Romans. The noblest of these celebrated writers you find a form of language used for the present day; but consider the purposes which this drama of that day subserved. It was a great school of teaching. It was not alone the source of those wonderful lessons which were noted for that grand and beauty which were among their highest attributes. It was the means of instilling the noblest sentiments,—of stimulating the bravery of the warrior, the virtue of the citizen, the honesty of all, the modesty of the nation. In their dramatic performances, every noble deed was celebrated upon the stage. From the noblest of the ancient times, the sacred mysteries were performed. The bible and the subjects of religious teachings were constantly performed at stated periods. Sacred histories were read and illustrated by actors.

I think the advantage is considerable on the side of action. We gain, besides the imagination, the action, the subject is presented with all the vivid force of action, grace, coloring and scenery,—with all those surroundings which represent the idea so clearly to the mind. Thus Christmas and the various holidays celebrated in the Catholic churches, were invariably accompanied by these scenes of the drama. Nothing died out of any country during this period. Its most flourishing existence was in the day of the noblest and most inspired man, except those whom we acknowledge as religious,—William Shakespeare,—who presented in his writings every theory that has ever been put forth. You see every single element of life is not chronicled and described in this man's vivid delineations? Can you conceive of any description or imagery which is not represented by Shakespeare—a single sentiment which is not put in better language and finer form than any other poet has done before him? Can you

conceive of any event of life-history,—social, religious, spiritual, moral, true,—which is not represented there with a delicacy, grace, force, beauty, that brings it home to your mind with such intense power that you cannot go away from a play of Shakespeare's, fairly pre-ent, without realizing the transcendence force that the drama has upon the human mind. You are compelled to live over again the scenes of history. When you read of these, and by your utmost exertions attempt to place yourselves in the position of him or her of whom you read, you will fail; but when you behold it enacted with a delicate life-like action,—when you are placed before all with the scenery necessary to illustrate it, you at once stand in the presence of the mighty deed. You realize the powers of great sorrow,—of mighty grief and joys,—the wild flights of imagination that mind can reach. You realize the wild, fantastic beings, the witches and spirits are brought so vividly before your mind that they seem to be realities. You cannot go away from a noble play—an instructive tragedy, well enacted—without feeling elevated. You do not leave a well-acted drama without an impression upon your mind for good. He who reads does not speak of the abuse.—I do not speak of certain French plays which degrade the standard of morals. It is for this reason that I ask that government shall legislate for the amusements of the people, as in olden times.

There should be a censor over the drama and public games—all those opportunities in which the people take recreation. If they be elevating, pure, wholly instructive,—if their purpose be not only amusement, but instruction,—then the government may form out of the amusements of the people one of the noblest public schools of the age. It was so in the olden times, and man has not so very much changed. I do not know that the stage should occupy a very different place from that which it did in the days of Plato, Socrates, and those noble ancients who labelled them the "church of the people." I do not know that the stage should change in the people since the days of "good Queen Bess," when Shakespeare was recognized as one of the people's teachers—as one of those who, as Philip Sydney says, had caught the inspiration of amusement and the power of striking force of music; therefore I commend our neighbors, as one of the people's best teachers,—provided always that it is under the censorship of those who are determined that the people shall be instructed as well as amused.

Lastly, I speak of the novel,—chiefly as an entertainment for the home. Here we must also discriminate. What is a tale of fiction? What is fiction? Is there no imagination? Is it not always a reproduction of the images that have been in? Is there any image which the mind can create that never has been there before? Imagination is but a reproduction of that which is already in the mind. The images are broken, fragmentary, therefore we must call the use of imagination, but, after all, there is no such thing as imagination,—there is no such thing as fiction,—that which is usually called is but a reproduction to us of living images, as a mirror in which we think we are gazing upon the faces of our neighbors, but we are, in reality, looking upon our own. When they tell us to turn our eyes inward, we shrink from it; but when they bid us look upon a neighbor, how soon we draw out skillfully enough—how very apt we are to discover faults! Sometimes, indeed, we can perceive beauty; thus we learn to understand human nature, and great deal better from the actions of our neighbors than from the pictures of the novelists. Nothing more than the life-pictures of our neighbors, presenting to us reflected images of ourselves.

We always approve most highly of that novel which brings closest to us some experience which we have passed through. We always comment with most favor upon that tale which seems to us most life-like, most real, most near to our own experience. Thus life is represented in some form in every tale of fiction. A well-written tale of fiction is a beautiful word-painting. We gaze upon it, and do not think that our eyes are not seeing the realities, just as when we look upon fine statuary, upon magnificent architecture, upon lovely forms, and upon the glowing skies,—upon the sun and moon with their many-colored hues, as God has made them. Every one of these is a painting put into words, making a living landscape where human beings write trees and flowers, with stars and sun and sky, and various objects of nature, are represented as living pictures for humanity. I maintain that we gain much instruction from these living pictures.

There are two classes of writers, one of whom pictures the dark and revolting scenes of human character, and dresses up vice and crime; I have nothing to say in favor of these. But when you take the other class of literature, represented in England by Charles Dickens, I can speak from personal experience. I have seen old effete institutions of law have suffered more from the hands of Charles Dickens than from any other source. Through the bitter, scathing tone of ridicule in which he has represented them, he has reached that which nothing else could have reached so effectually. The worst habit of Charles Dickens was that he was the poet of England than all other reformatory efforts.

In your own land you have had a Cooper, a Washington Irving and a host of others, and also many able magazine-writers and sketch-writers, who have done good service in these directions.

We must look this great question of amusements in the face. We shall find as we do, in the winter evenings, when we are gathered around a board, when the family is gathered together. If you can have music and dancing and reading aloud, you will find it a far better means of gathering the members into the sweet relationships of home, than to see our young ladies going out on the streets to find amusement, and dangers waiting until some one comes to take them home.

Make home the most attractive place, and they will not seek to go out after amusement. At the same time I would have refining and instructive public amusement, and at suitable seasons, picnics. I commend them all when they are used properly; they are all good. We must not encourage everywhere, their abuses we can all readily understand. We do not know the value of interesting each other. We do not know the value of the use of change. If we studied as carefully amusement as we do action, and art and ethics, and would give them their appropriate places, as means of instruction, we shall all enjoy life more. I was permitted to spend some time in the cell of a poor convict. He told me that he had been a very bad man. He had much to be sorry for, much to regret, but he might have been much worse. He said, "There is a certain memory which has remained clear through all my life. It has been a terrible deed that has done more to me than many a word, and than those for which I am convicted." That terrible memory was his first glimpse of the woods and forests, and green fields. Said he, "When I was a little, wretched child, I attended one of those Sunday schools, I was one of those pupils who were gathered up from the streets and the streets of London, where I had lived."

ed all my life as a little thief, and the first season I went to that school, it was determined to give the children a treat, and take them into the country. They did so, and for the first time, I saw the woods and forest." He told me that he had seen the grass in London, but he had seen the grass of those green old trees, the green grass in the grave yards. He had only seen so much of the blue sky as from time to time shone upon his eager face through the bars of his prison, but that day took him out in the country and gave him a view of all the great expanse of one of Nature's noblest cathedrals. Through the swaying, over-arching columns of forest trees, with their wide, unbounded expanse of blue sky, with fields covered with primroses, and redolent with May blossoms, and soft green grass beneath his feet, and babbling brooks and butterflies and insects chasing each other. The children were shrieking with joy, but this child uttered no word of thankfulness or pleasure. He went away behind some sweet-scented briar, and close by a hedge, he knelt down and prayed. He thought to himself, "This is where God lives. I have found out His home. I will go to my Father. I have seen His home, but this is the place where He lives. He has come to me now." The poor child felt his Father's arms around him, and trod softly upon the green grass and flowers, and looked up very reverently in the blue sky, and that day, he said, he felt, child that he was, that he had been with God.

The memory of that day never left him; and whenever wicked thoughts pressed upon him, it came to him, and he wished he was that boy again, and then he would not do the deed. He wished they would take him to God's home. I have met with many such scenes as this, when for the first time the noblest cathedrals of beauty. There is something in beauty which elevates us; there is something in sweet sounds, there is something in the face of Nature, with all her varied loveliness, which does make an impression, a silent and unconscious one it may be, but we know not how or why. Even with the sound of the working man of the city, those who have bowed down to mammon are, have served themselves until they fear to tread one step aside lest they may lose something, if they can go into the country, and hear its anthems sounding in their ears,—although they cannot interpret its voice, yet there is a grand page written there which can never be effaced, and the influence of pure recreation in its forms will some day be recognized as a part of true religion. They will not be stigmatized as amusements only, they will not be regarded as a waste of time. Properly regulated amusements, encouraged and practiced by legislative action, will supersede in great measure the need of the asylum and especially the jail and the penitentiary.

I am convinced that such lessons as these, by giving more balance to the overtaxed organs of the mind, will relieve us of the dangers of those who are perpetually grinding each other until they wear them away, and either send us to our graves, or to the insane asylum. Amusement for the people at home and abroad, are essential to the well-being of individuals and of society, and I commend the subject most heartily to you all.

A SONG.

'Tis not the murmuring voice of Spring
That stirs my heart and makes me sing;
'Tis not the blue skies, bubbling over,
With sunshine spilling along earth's floor;
Nor yet the faint blue haze of dawn,
Nor bloom of any flower that grows.

It is that long, long years ago,
When all the world was of a using so—
It is that then my heart blushed too,
My heart beat fast for love and you;
Tears were a music in my ear,
I fell to find now anywhere.

And so, when Spring comes wandering by,
I lose the breath of a sigh,
Trusting the promise of her days,
I tune my voice to sing her praise,
And cheer myself with the sweet pain,
That in the Spring Love blooms again.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE DISCUSSION.

Addie L. Ballou, Spiritualist, and B. F. Underwood, Materialist, Disputants.

LETTER FROM GEORGE LYNN.

BROTHER JOHN.—You have doubtless been acquainted with the various proceedings of the Convention at Joliet. It was my good luck to be able to attend the second day, at the close of which our sister, Addie L. Ballou, gave a challenge to Mr. Underwood, for a joint discussion on the following question: "Man has an intelligent, immortal spirit or soul, that lives after death, and is capable of communicating with the dead, and communicating with mortals in this life after bodily dissolution."

Mrs. Ballou affirmed and Mr. Underwood denied. The discussion took place on the evening of June 1st, Mayor Mann presiding. The Court House was full at the appointed time, and throughout the debate the audience was very orderly.

Mr. Underwood is connected with the Boston Investigator, is very talented, and in manner a perfect gentleman. Mrs. Ballou was very pleasant during the debate, though she regretted that they were confined to one evening, as it was so short a time to do justice to the question. The speakers were allowed twenty minutes each, and three times each, making the whole time two hours.

The debate was one of the most pleasant affairs I have ever attended. Our cause is safe in the hands of Sister Ballou! The evidence she adduced in favor of continued life was as fully demonstrated in the public mind, as the position of our Earth in space, by the positive affirmation that the world rested on a rock. On being questioned in regard to the foundation of the rock, replied another rock. "And pray what does that other rock rest upon?" This was too much for the old lady's logic, and she replied in the most positive and convincing manner, "You fool, there is rocks all the way down!"

At the close of Mr. Underwood's last speech, he said Mrs. B. and friends quite a complimentary declaration that Spiritualism is far safer than Orthodoxy, and advised all who had not already to subscribe for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and acquaint themselves with our principles.

This discussion will do good, for it will call the attention of some who are at present unacquainted with Spiritualism, to investigate its claims.

Lockport, Ill., June 24, 1870.

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L. D. Hay, late of Huntsville, Texas, will answer calls at Jackson, Miss., to lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

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